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ART. I.—*A Portraiture of Methodism; being an impartial View of the Rise, Progress, Doctrines, Discipline, and Manners of the Westleyan Methodists; in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Lady. By Joseph Nightingale. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

MR. Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism, which we reviewed in the Number for March last, seems to have given birth to the title which is prefixed to the present performance; and we suppose that the manufacturers of books will soon find it convenient to finish the portraiture of every sect in christendom. Mr. Nightingale, however, to whom we are indebted for the work before us, has avoided one of the faults which may justly be imputed to the more expensive volumes of Mr. Clarkson, that of elaborate panegyric and unintermitting adulation. The picture which Mr. Clarkson, on whom, as the advocate for the suffering African, we have bestowed such high and well merited commendation, has drawn of the quakers, is rather the production of an advocate, whose partiality will not suffer him to say all that is true, than of an historian who relates nothing that is false. Mr. Nightingale's eyes are far from being so jaundiced by interested prepossession as to discover no dark spots in the sun of methodism. Our opinions with respect to the *religious tenets* both of the quakers and the methodists are well known; for we despise any thing like equivocation or disguise. What we conscientiously believe we are not ashamed to own; but our object always has been and always shall be, not to let our own opinions interfere with the rigid impartiality of our decisions. As far as our unbiassed reason will permit we will distribute impartial justice to Christians of all denominations. We will weigh the merits of the book without suffering our good will to be impaired by the peculiar tenets of the man.

The rise and progress of methodism are so intimately identified with the biography of Mr. Westley, that to describe the one is to delineate the other. Mr. John Westley was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1703. That devo-

tional temperament which increased in strength as he advanced in life, seems to have been originally impressed by his parents, who were of a devout and serious turn. When he was in his sixth year, his father's house accidentally caught fire, and he was with difficulty rescued from the flames. This led him to consider himself, in more senses than one, as 'a brand plucked from the burning.' In his 10th year John Westley was placed at the Charter-house; and in his 16th he repaired to Christ Church in Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1725. Previous to this, he is said to have entertained some scruples with respect to the dam-natory clauses of the Athanasian creed, to which, however, he appears to have been reconciled by the logic of his father.

At the close of the year 1729, a small society began to be formed at Oxford, consisting of a few individuals who seem to have entered into an engagement to lead a more devout and austere mode of life than the rest of the university. This society soon after submitted to the spiritual superintendence of John Westley, who is said to have been fond of sway. The lust of spiritual dominion, which is often found a more craving appetite than the grosser species of ambition, was indeed evinced in his conduct through life. Zeal, in persons of a particular temperament, like a flame which is fed by spirits, soon blazes and expires. The majority of the juvenile converts to the genius of methodism at the university, fell away one after another till the removal of John Westley to Georgia in America, seemed to have entirely extinguished the *new light* in this seminary of erudition. About this time, John Westley had contracted an acquaintance with the author of the 'Serious Call to a Holy Life;' and from his example, as well as from the perusal of some of the mystic theologues, he began to suspect that he had hitherto possessed only *the form of godliness*; and that the *divine life* was not half expanded in his breast. He was anxious to be 'all eye, all ear, all soul, and sighed to know what *God's presence with his people* meant.' The descriptions which the mystic theologues exhibit of *union with God*, &c. had made, as he confesses, '*good works appear flat and insipid*;' his religion became concentrated in inward transport, and what might not inaptly be called, ebriety of sensational conviction.

The trustees of the newly-planted colony of Georgia, wanting some religious instructors in that settlement, appointed John Westley and his brother to the office. In October, 1733, he embarked, at Gravesend for that important purpose: the day after he got on board the vessel which was to convey him to America, he wrote to his brother, who kept a school

at Tiverton, to caution him 'against the beggarly elements of Greek and Latin in his school;' and particularly exhorts him to banish such poison as is to be found in the writings of Ovid, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the Eunuch of Terence. Mr. Westley took care to dispatch this pious admonition at this time, because he was afraid that he might not have another opportunity. On board the ship, on which the apostle of methodism was embarked, were twenty-seven German Moravians, whose exuberance of piety and mysticism furnished a sumptuous repast to Mr. Westley during the voyage. The way in which these enraptured devotees passed their time on this occasion deserves commemoration. From four in the morning till five, they used private prayer; from five to seven they read the Bible together. At seven they breakfasted. At eight they had public prayers. From nine to twelve they passed in their appropriate occupations. At twelve they gave an account to each other of what they had done since their last meeting and intended to do before the next. They dined at one. The time from dinner to four was spent in reading or in exhortation. At four they had evening prayers, when the second lesson was explained, the children catechised, &c. At seven and eight, more reading, exhortation and instruction! Between nine and ten they retired to rest. On the sixth of February this pious company, after a tempestuous passage, were landed in the other hemisphere.

On the day after his arrival in America, we know not by what marvellous communication, Mr. Westley was given to understand 'that he was yet a stranger to the true faith, that he had not the witness in himself, &c.' One of the German pastors whom Mr. Westley had consulted in his spiritual perplexities, put these astounding questions to the English missionary; 'Have you the witness in yourself? Do you know Jesus Christ? Do you know he has saved you? Do you know yourself?' Mr. Westley answered the last of these questions in the affirmative; but the rest seemed a stone of stumbling in his way. But he soon became less wanting in presumption. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him to America, had been appointed to superintend a flock at Frederica, while John retailed his spiritual commodities to the congregation at Savannah. But in neither of these places, did the plant of methodism, though watered abundantly by the diligence of John Westley and his brother Charles, strike its roots and spread its branches without many sickly appearances and unfavourable blasts. Jealousies and dissensions brake out among the women at Frederica; which the two brothers in vain endeavoured to appease; and Mr. John Westley, whose heart was not proof

against the combustion of love, was involved in a dispute on account, of an affair of gallantry, which ended in his removal from America. Mr. John Westley had conceived a tender passion for a Miss Causton, niece of the store-keeper and chief magistrate at Savannah; but as the lady's wishes respecting marriage were delayed till her patience was exhausted, Mr. Williamson was finally honoured with her hand, to the exclusion of the saint. Mr. Westley compared the disappointment, to the *plucking out of his right eye*; but it seems that the fault was his own, and that he had no reason to complain. After the marriage of this lady Mr. Westley, influenced perhaps by personal pique as much as religious considerations, took occasion to repel her from the altar during the administration of the sacrament; and pretended to have discovered something very faulty in the character of his late enamoured fair. The lady was not backward in the retort courteous, and positively swore to some transactions not very honourable to the character of the priest. A judicial process was commenced against Mr. Westley, and as he probably thought that, if he continued his stay, his followers would decrease, he left the godly in Georgia to imbibe the manna of methodism from other pious lips rather than his own. During his voyage home, if we may judge from his confessions, Mr. Westley seems to have thought himself no better than he should be. On the first of February 1738, he landed at Deal; and immediately read prayers and explained a portion of scripture to a large company at the inn. He then proceeded to London, and lost no time and spared no pains in extending his spiritual dominion over the minds and hearts of the credulous and the ignorant. But, while he was strenuously employed in improving the souls of others, he consulted Mr. Law respecting the state of his own; but Mr. Law, who seems to have had sagacity enough to discern the lust of spiritual domination, which lurked in the bosom of Westley, advised him '*to renounce himself*';—a piece of counsel which Mr. W. could not readily comprehend.

About this time, a dispute seems to have arisen between John Westley, his brother Charles, a Mr. Broughton and Mrs. Delamotte, whether conversion were gradual or instantaneous? John contended that the grossest sinners might be converted in a moment; this opinion rather startled his brother; but he was afterwards brought to believe that the business might be done *in the twinkling of an eye*. Though the worthy pair (*par nobile fratrum*) had now been labouring for ten years in the vineyard of methodism, we are told they were both well convinced that 'they had not as yet the faith of the gospel.' But on Wednesday, May 21, Charles was *set at liberty*. When he was at prayer, a per-

son, (we are not told who, but we suppose no inhabitant of this sublunary world) came and said to him with extraordinary solemnity, 'Believe in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities.' Charles now consulted the '*sortes Biblicas*,' the oracular lottery of the Bible, and found every thing according to his wishes. About three weeks after this his brother was also *set at liberty*; and had such a feeling of Christ, as he had never felt before. After this event one Peter Bohler, a Moravian, persuaded him to give up the reliques of his philosophy; and to exclude the use of reason in matters of religion, John was, we think, by this time pretty well prepared to obey his salutary admonition; and henceforth methodism, finding no obstacle to its diffusion in the intellect of its teachers, made a more rapid progress over this illumined isle. There were several other persons besides the two Westleys who had, in a moment received that faith, which excludes the possibilities of damnation. These ghostly men constituted the first regular society of methodists, who met in Fetter Lane; and formed the little heaven that was to produce a marvellous ferment in the whole lump of faith. The new birth of Mr. Westley is said to have been accompanied with many after pains. The fact seems to have been that the small portion of rational reflection which he had left, tended to render him dissatisfied with, and to make him doubt the reality of, those inward illuminations which he professed to have experienced; and produced in his bosom a struggle between the delusions of imposture and the rectitude of truth. This is very evident from his letters, his journal and confessions. And this will usually be the case where religion is made to consist more in the invisible enthusiasm of feeling than in the plain realities of virtue. In order to perfect himself in that kind of mystical piety, which rejects such unprofitable associates as reason and common sense, Mr. Westley made a tour to the continent, where he passed some time among the Moravians of Germany. On his return, he had such an inward feeling that 'he was wholly corrupt, abominable, earthly, sensual and devilish, such a *motley mixture of beast and devil*;' that he seems very logically to have inferred, his complete regeneration. What moral effects, at this time, ensued from the preaching of Mr. Westley, we shall not attempt to describe; but the following may serve as a specimen of the powerful agency of superstition and enthusiasm, on the frame of credulity and ignorance.

'Under the sermon, some persons trembled from head to foot; others fell down and cried out with a loud and bitter cry; while others became speechless and convulsed as if in the agonies of death. One and another sunk down to the earth. They dropped on every

side as thunderstruck. One was so wounded with the sword of the spirit that you would have imagined she could not live a moment. Some were so torn with convulsive motions in every part of their bodies that four or five persons could not hold one of them, &c. &c.'

A young woman to whom he had been delivering his exhortations, turned frantic, screamed out in all the horrors of despair,

'I am damned ! damned ! it is all past. I am the devil's now. His I am ; him I must serve ; I will be his ; I will go with him to hell. I cannot, I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned. She then began praying to the devil.'

We pass over the ample detail which Mr. Nightingale has given of the methodistical discipline and government. Those, who wish to be acquainted with the subject, will find that it contains the most satisfactory information. In the construction of the system by which the society is moulded into a sort of body corporate, Mr. Westley discovered no small share of secular wisdom and political penetration. With the most disinterested humility, he very judiciously took care to keep the whole power in his own hands while he was living ; and to leave it to his worthy successors in 'the conference' when he was dead. In his life-time, the pious founder was the sovereign mover of the whole spiritual machinery ; he could stretch the strings, tune the wires, and make the puppets dance to any motion which he pleased to suggest, or any tune which he chose to play. Intolerance is too generally the characteristic of sects ; and pride the vice of priests. The methodists have never evinced any predilection for the principles of toleration ; and no pope of Rome was ever superior to the founder of methodism in the lust of domination. His spiritual ambition and his tyrannical turn of mind will be seen in an instance of his domestic life, which we shall next relate.

In 1751 Mr. Westley, who had hitherto had no other sponse but the church, determined to try the sweets of conjugal felicity. He accordingly married a Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady of independent fortune. But whether the lady were volatile and capricious, or whether she had any reason to complain of his domestic neglects, whether his ghostly concerns prevented him from paying due attentions to his bride, whether the intolerance which he often displayed abroad, were still more strikingly manifested at home, certain it is that Mrs. Westley was soon dissatisfied with the conduct of the saint. Nor was it long before she became a fugitive from home. John was too much intent on his evangelical exertions to regret the absence of his rib. John's gallantry was of a very peculiar turn ; and the compliments, which

be paid to the ladies, were often such as would not be very gratefully received. In one of his letters, he thus addresses the associate of his bed.

'Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?'

Again :

'Be content to be a private insignificant person. Attempt no more to abridge me of my liberty, which I claim by the laws of God and man. Then shall I govern you with gentle sway, and shew that I do indeed love you as Christ loved the church.'

Few modish ladies would like this kind of government or relish this species of panegyric.

Mr. Westley was so ambitious of engrossing the undivided plenitude of sacerdotal power, that he could not in the later period of his life be persuaded to forego even the right of ordination. He accordingly took upon himself to practise *the imposition of hands*. He ordained several lay preachers, and among the rest the meek and unassuming Dr. Coke, who, having received the episcopal unction, went across the Atlantic to dispense the same to the brethren in America. At a conference which was held at Baltimore, the anomalous bishop proceeded to invest Mr. Asbury with the episcopal title; and to rebaptize the communion of the faithful in the western world under the name of 'The Methodist Episcopal Church in America.' Hence we may clearly see that the Westleyan methodists would have little objection to the emoluments and dignities of the English hierarchy, or to have their spiritual industry rewarded with the tythes of the establishment. What advantage the country would be likely to obtain by the change we may conjecture from this circumstance, that, as Mr. Nightingale (p. 410) informs us, to call into question any of their doctrines or to dispute the validity of any part of their discipline is a sureground of excommunication. When we compare the present mild and tolerant spirit of the establishment with the persecuting ferocity which it would probably assume if the church were filled with priests of this pious fraternity, we cannot help praying that the walls of our Sion may never be scaled by the sanctified feet of this aspiring sect. In religion we are advocates, warm and zealous, but we trust at the same time temperate and rational, for the most comprehensive charity. There is no sect for whom we do not pray in the liturgy of our hearts. Even Jews, Turks, and infidels are the objects of our benevolence. We anxiously implore the Father of the universe that they may all be brought to

constitute one fold under one shepherd; and that imbibing the true spirit of the gospel, we may all love one another as Christ has loved us. While we profess an unfeigned good will to all sects, we are ourselves of none! 'Nullius in verba,' &c. We reject the invidious appellations of Trinitarian, Arian, or Socinian; the only name which we covet is that of CHRISTIAN; and this we will endeavour to deserve by loving those who differ the most widely from ourselves. Every man who has sagacity to discern the few simple but awful truths, which constitute the essentials of christianity, will immediately perceive that those truths and only those are the objects of our admiration and our love. These declarations will afford no pleasure to the intolerant or the superstitious, but every man who is the friend of reason will be our friend; and the Critical Review, in this time of peril, and of difficulty, will serve as a light to the ignorant, a stay to the doubtful, and a salutary antidote to those, who believe either too little or too much.

The great founder of the methodists died on the second of March, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and in the sixty-fifth of his public ministry. Few men have led a more active life, or endured more corporeal fatigue; for it may be doubted whether his corporeal were not greater than his mental toil. He talked more than he read; and in his preaching the action of his lungs was greater than that of his understanding. His sermons, though commonly superior to those of his fraternity, were generally loose, desultory and tautological, rather a string of trite observations, familiar allusions, or vulgar imagery, than a chain of reasoning and a compact body of argument. What he was always saying he could readily say again; his thoughts were constantly running in one current, and that current was seldom still. What he preached was not so much the premeditated digest of reflection, or the extemporaneous effusion of genius, as the product of a mind that is garrulous without being wise, and active without being full. It was a shallow current, but often passing over a muddy bed. Some have doubted whether he were hypocritical or sincere, whether his proselyting zeal were not more the effect of an interested pride than of unspotted piety and unfeigned love. In this respect, we, who cannot read his heart, must leave him to his Judge. That Westley was impatient of contradiction, ambitious of power and greedy of pre-eminence, is clear from the whole tenor of his life; but we can hardly suppose him to have been so habitually hypocritical as for so many years to impress on others what he did not believe himself. We cannot for any great length of time inculcate any even erroneous tenet on others without finally believing it ourselves. More rapidly

than is commonly imagined marks the transition from the impostor to the dupe. Whatever Mr. Westley might have been, when he began his spiritual career, we have no doubt of his sincerity long previous to the concluding scene. We are too apt to judge even of the moral easances of things by the immediate result. Thus we often appreciate even truth, abstract and metaphysical truth, by the practical effects. We have little doubt but that the temporary success of Mr. Westley's religious exertions had no small share in impressing him with the conviction that what fell from his lips was the inspiration of the Divinity; and that methodism was the work of God. Of the foibles of Mr. Westley we say nothing; for what good man is there to whom no foibles may be ascribed, or of whom no imperfections may be told? Some imperfections are usually attached to the most exalted characters; or otherwise they would, perhaps, be raised so much above the level of humanity as to attract little sympathy or regard. His predominant passion appears to have been pride; but, as this pride was varnished over with a religious hue, it often assumed the appearance of humility, for which it was mistaken by the ignorance and credulity of an admiring sect. But, though this pride were a prominent defect, it contributed more than any thing else, by acting as the constant stimulus of his activity, to lay the basis of his fame. When the father of methodism first began to dispense his spiritual communications at Oxford, his converts were few; and of those few, the majority soon deserted from the banner of faith which their leader had displayed. It was not till after the return of Westley from Georgia, that the island resounded with the clamours of his zeal, and swarmed with myriads of proselytes. All sects must spring from small beginnings; but when the first sprinkling of the doctrine has formed by gradual accretion into large masses of converts, the founder, astonished at the marvellous increase, without staying to consider the mistakes of ignorance, the contagion of credulity, the influence of example, the witchery of error, and the occasional impotency of truth, is wont to ascribe the effect to divine interposition; and to consider himself as the favoured ambassador of heaven. It can hardly be doubted but that Westley imagined his labours to be attended by the divine co-operation; and this idea, by coming in contact with his lust of spiritual domination, naturally disposed him to intolerance. Mr. Westley certainly possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities which fitted him to be the founder of a sect. His zeal was never cool, his industry was without intermission, his eloquence was popular and captivating. It had the ease and often the charm of familiar conversation. His vices, whatever they might be, were not such as stalk abroad, or

meet the glare of public observation. They lurked within the interior of his heart, and when they did make their appearance, it was usually in such a garb as to cover their deformity, and elude the detection of ordinary sagacity. The pride of the priest was hid under the robe of Pharisaic austerity and grimace; and the glory of God was the pretext which covered the love of power. He had the dexterity of a sophist, the abstinence of a monk, the courage of a martyr, the ambition of a cardinal, and the intolerance of a pope.

Mr. Nightingale computes the effective force of the methodists, of the old and new conversion, at seven hundred thousand; and he informs us that 'the total amount of the several sums of money annually collected from the members of the methodist societies in Great Britain and Ireland, is upwards of 97,285l.' exclusive of the voluntary donations of wealthy individuals. After the death of Mr. Wesley, the conference, which is composed of the principal itinerant preachers, endeavoured to erect themselves into a sacerdotal corporation, and to exercise a despotic and uncontrolled power over the rest of the godly. Mr. Nightingale tells us that their object was 'to have all their acts registered in a *statute* book, and acknowledged by the government of the country.' They would thus have constituted a sort of inquisitorial tribunal of high priests, armed with arbitrary power over the spiritual and secular concerns, and even the pecuniary funds of the fraternity, without the superintendence or controul of the different societies. For six years the societies remonstrated against the tyrannical proceedings of the conference, but this college of itinerant cardinals was deaf to intreaty and impenetrable to conviction. The conference insisted on maintaining the power which they had usurped; a division of course took place among the proselytes to methodism; 'and a new conference and itinerancy were established,' more agreeable to scripture, to reason, and to charity. The chief actor in this turbulent scene, the Hampden of the methodists, was Mr. Alexander Kilham, who strenuously defended the rights of the laity against the subtle machinations of sacerdotal usurpation:

'This brought upon him (as Mr. Nightingale informs us,) denunciations of vengeance from the offended party. They branded him as a heretic, a leveller, a jacobin, a rebel—they likened him to the devil—they consigned him to hell—they made some feeble efforts to raise the secular power against him and his adherents—and they finally expelled him the connexion.'

The itinerant vendors of methodism, who had erected themselves into an ecclesiastical and political despotism, exhibited

in their treatment of Mr. Kilham a notable specimen of their pride and their intolerance ; of their want of charity, and their lust of domination. When Mr. Kilham was called to the bar of the conference, he had not the least knowledge of the charges that were to be brought against him ; when these were read, he was required to answer immediately without a single advocate ; he was expected to give extemporary answers to the questions that were put to him, and was refused the liberty to examine them alone, and prepare for his defence.' We might have expected this contempt of judicial forms in a Spanish inquisition, but we were not a little surprised to find it exhibited in a conference of religionists, who pretend to possess a double portion of the spirit of mercy and of truth. Were we once to become so infatuated as to invest the chiefs of methodistical dogmatism with the sword of persecution, we are convinced that they would not keep it in the scabbard. The rational religionist, who would not bend the knee or bow the head to the dagon of their mysticism, would soon be made to feel the scourge of their intolerance. They have liberty of conscience in their mouths, but the bitterness of persecution in their hearts.

Many serious and worthy persons are under no small degree of apprehension for the safety of the church from the spread of methodism and the multiplication of methodists. But let those persons comfort themselves with this reflection, that the more numerous this sect becomes, the more divided they are likely to be. The spirit of faction has sprung up among them ; and the very intolerance, which renders them formidable, will at the same time make them weak. In proportion as they obtain converts from among the illiterate, they will lose them among the wise. Methodism is founded on ignorance ; and the best protection against its dangers and its lures is the diffusion of that knowledge which will evince that all uncertain and mysterious doctrines are mere dirt and dross compared with the moral excellence and the everlasting sanctions of the gospel.

ART. II.—*The Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquiere. Counsellor and first Esquire Carver to Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, to Palestine, and his Return from Jerusalem, overland to France, during the Years 1432 and 1433. Translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. 8vo. Henderson. 1807.*

THIS antient son of chivalry, the author of these simple and interesting travels, informs us, that he had written them in order that if any king, or christian prince should wish

to make the conquest of Jerusalem; and lead thither an army over land, or if any gentleman should be desirous of travelling thither, each of them may be made acquainted with all the towns, cities, regions, countries, rivers, passes, mountains, and passes in the districts, as well as the lords to whom they belong, from the dutchy of Burgundy to Jerusalem.'

Our author, 'having formed a resolution to make a devout pilgrimage to Jerusalem,' quitted the court at Ghent, in the year 1432. He traverses Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, enters Savoy, passes the Rhone, and arrives at Chambery by the Mont-du-Chat. He crosses the Alps into Piedmont, and proceeds through Italy to Venice, thence by sea to the Venetian islands, to Rhodes, the ruined fort of Bassa in Cyprus, and thence 'to Jaffa, in the holy land of promise, where the pardons commence for pilgrims.' p. 92.

Thence to Ramla, and, after two days journey, to 'the holy city of Jerusalem, where our Lord Jesus Christ suffered death for us.'

His account of Jerusalem is almost confined to a description of reliques, and holy places. After the proper ceremonies (which it took two months to go through) a party of ten pilgrims, almost all retainers of the Duke of Burgundy, with our traveller among them, undertook a journey to pay their devotions at Mount Sinai. On their arrival at the entrance of the desert, however, la Brocquiere was seized with a burning fever which prevented his further progress. He was with difficulty brought back to Gaza, from whence, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he returned to Jerusalem.

There, while he was still in bed, he formed a very daring project, to the happy success of which we owe this publication of his travels. The following is his own account of it:

'During my convalescence, I recollected that I had frequently heard it said that it was impossible for a Christian to return overland from Jerusalem to France. I dare not, even now when I have performed this journey, assert that it is safe. I thought, nevertheless, that nothing was impossible for a man to undertake, who has a constitution strong enough to support fatigue, and has money and health. It is not, however, through vain boasting that I say this; but, with the aid of God and his glorious mother, who never fail to assist those who pray to them heartily, I resolved to attempt the journey.'

He kept his design a secret from all his companions, and, on their return from Mount Sinai, accompanied them on another pilgrimage to Nazareth. In their way they visited Tyre, Sidon, and Berytus, all which he describes as being still possessed of good ports, though the places themselves were in ruins. 'What La Brocquiere here says,' observes M. Le Grand in a note, 'is interesting for geography: it

proves that all these sea-ports of Syria, formerly so commercial and famous, but at this day so degraded and completely useless, were in his time, for the greater part, fit for commerce.' The truth is, few researches are more interesting than those which we make into the progression and comparative geography of places that have been famous in any period of history. The changes which are known to have taken place on the sea-coast in several quarters of the globe, afford a field for very entertaining reflection and curious investigation. Sandys, (who stands about midway between the age of La Brocquiere and that of our latest travellers,) gives the following account of Tyre as it appeared to himself:

' But this, once-famous Tyrus, is now no other than a heap of mines: yet have they a reverent respect, and do instruct the pensive beholder with exemplary frailty. It hath two harbours, that on the north side the fairest and best throughout the Levant, (which the Coursers (Corsairs) enter at pleasure), the other choaked with the decays of the citie.'

' It is two days journey,' proceeds our traveller, ' from Baruth (Berytus) to Damascus.' On his entrance into this place, he was near being knocked on the head by the Saracens for wearing ' a broad beaver hat, which is unusual in that country.' He escaped fortunately from so imminent a danger, and warns all future travellers to avoid quarreling with the natives, or even joking with them, because he says ' they are a wicked race.' At the same time you must neither seem afraid, nor poor, nor rich before them.

At Damascus, he met with several christian traders, and, among them, with a very distinguished character of that age, Jacques Cœur, the greatest merchant in the world, and, afterwards, the ablest financier also, owing to whose exertions and abilities, even more than to the valour of Dunois, or La Pucelle, France owed the expulsion of the English, and the re-establishment of her own government.

We will not withhold from our readers the gratification we received from reading Mr. Johnes's note respecting this singular personage, in which he informs us that it is his intention to publish ' a selection from curious papers illustrative of his life, and of other events that took place in France during the reigns of Charles VI. Charles VII. and Louis XI.' Need we add that such a selection, made with the judgment which Mr. Johnes possesses, cannot fail of proving a most valuable accompaniment to his former labours on Froissart, and the translation he has promised us of Monstrelet?

At Damascus, our traveller saw the place where St. Paul was struck blind, and the stone from which St. George mounted his horse when he went to fight the dragon. He then

returned with his companions to Baruth; and spent a short time longer in different pilgrimages previous to his final departure from Palestine. On his way to Nazareth, he 'came to the fountain, the water of which our Lord changed into wine at the marriage of *Archétréclin*.' We quote this as a most curious instance of superstitious ignorance. Our forefathers of the middle ages, not conceiving that the *Architriclinus* of the Greek Testament signified no more than the master or president of the marriage-feast, in the first place made it a proper name, in the next, very erroneously, attributed it to the bridegroom at Cana himself, and, to crown the whole, would not be satisfied till they had inserted him in the calendar (an honour to which it is very difficult to find his pretensions) by the name, style, and title of *Saint Archétréclin*.

At last, he returned to Damascus, and there, on the morning of his arrival, saw the caravan return from Mecca. He now found ample scope for the indulgence of his curiosity among the Moors, Turks, Barbaresques, Tartars, Persians, and other sectaries of the false prophet of whom it was composed; and particularly derived a great deal of information from a Bulgarian renegado whose name was Hayauldoulou.

The caravan was on its road to Bursa, the capital of Bithynia, which place also lay in the way of our traveller's intended expedition. He soon resolved, therefore, to unite himself to it, and, for this purpose, procured an introduction to the chief (whom he names Hoyarbarach) 'who was a native of Bursa and one of its principal inhabitants.' The first question he asked concerning him was 'if I understood Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, the vulgar tongues, or Greek?' and, when told that he understood neither, answered, 'Well what can he pretend to do?'

At last, however, he agreed to take him in his suite, provided he would join his slaves, and consent to be dressed just like them.

Our author having provided himself with a small Syrian horse* (who proved a most useful animal, bearing him safely through the whole of his adventures to France, where he finally had the honour of being presented to the Duke of Burgandy,) he joined the caravan, but not till after he had

* 'The Moors,' says he, 'only esteem mares, and, in that country, a great man is not ashamed to ride a mare, with its foal running after the dam.' This must, indeed, have been a singular spectacle to the lord de la Brocquiere, who, as a Christian gentleman and a knight, had been taught by the laws of chivalry to regard that species of conveyance as suitable only to the unwarlike clergy, and the lower orders of society. It was, probably, with a view to save his honour from so foul a reproach that he purchased a gelding. It is curious that in all old romances Saracens and infidels are distinguished from true knights by being mounted on mares.

fallen into extreme danger of being left behind in the prisons of Damascus for making a Mahometan drunk. La Brocquiere, indeed, exults much in the proneness of those dogs to intoxication, and shortly after amuses us by a particular account of a drinking bout which took place among them on the road.

He is also very fond of objecting to them a general defect or vice of nature, concerning which he will not obtain implicit credit with those who are fortunate enough to have read Sir Thomas Browne's notable refutation of the vulgar error 'that Jewes stinke.' La Brocquiere does not, indeed, go quite so far as to charge the Mahometans with *stinking*; but he mentions, as a well-known fact, that they are always born with a certain '*disagreeable smell*' which never leaves them through life.

Yet, upon the whole, our honest traveller is very free from prejudice; and presents a proof how far liberality and benevolence of sentiment is promoted by an enlarged and extensive commerce with the world.

From Damascus the caravan proceeded to Antioch, which he represents as a ruined, depopulated town. On taking leave of the country, which, two hundred years before the time of La Brocquiere, had been the theatre of the crusades, and, for the most part, subject to the government of princes and nobles of French extraction and of the Roman faith, it may not be amiss to remark how completely all traces of that government appear to have worn away before the period in which we are now engaged. It is surely singular that La Brocquiere himself, a Frenchman, does not, in the whole course of his travels, once allude to the history of those times except where he, once or twice, mentions the name of Godfrey of Bouillon, whom he appears to have known only through the medium of some old story-book.

From Antioch the caravan went to Tarsus, and thence leaving the coast, to Heraclea (or Eregli), and Larande, a town in Caramania (the ancient Lycaonia).

Here La Brocquiere met with two Cypriots who had been sent as ambassadors from the king of that island (John III.) to the sultan of Iconium, whom La B. styles the grand Harman. These gentlemen, being informed by our traveller of his design, assured him that it was impossible to be accomplished, and entreated him to return with them to Cyprus, from whence he might proceed by sea by some French or Italian port. But he refused to listen to their remonstrances, answering that, 'since God had graciously permitted him to arrive at Larande, he would probably allow him to go further; but that, at all events, he was determined to finish his journey as he had begun it, or die in the attempt.'

Next they arrived at Iconium or Cogni, (for so we must interpret the uncommon names of 'Qulongue' and 'Quhongopoly,') where our traveller obtained admission, in the train of the ambassadors, to the grand Harman's court. His account of this prince (who was probably Ibrahim, the son-in-law of Amurath the second) whom he represents as a handsome man about thirty-two years old, and whose dominions extended from Tarsus to the Ottoman frontiers, sixteen days journey in length, is interesting; and the names of three Mahometan lords of the borders who were always at war with one another, (Gadirolly, Quharaynick, and Quhazaychust) may confound the most learned eastern antiquary; but we hasten to take leave of them that we may have time to say a few words concerning the Turkish and Grecian empires.

The caravan arrived safe at Bursa, and from thence La B. continued his journey to Constantinople alone. He passed through Nicomedia, Nice, and Scutari, where (after paying custom) he embarked for Pera (then under the Genoese government) where he met Sir Benedict de Forlino, ambassador from Milan to the Grand-Turk.

The purpose of this embassy, (viz. to negotiate a treaty between Amurath and the Emperor Sigismund, for the purpose of enabling the latter to turn his arms against the Venetians, with whom the Duke of Milan was then at war) excites the honest reprobation of our knight-errant; who, nevertheless, introduced himself to Sir Benedict, and afterwards profited much by the opportunities which his connexion with that gentleman afforded him.

Two days after his arrival at Pera, La Brocquiere crossed the haven to Constantinople, and his details concerning that place and the imperial family are among the most interesting parts of his memoirs.

Our traveller was now on his road in company with Sir Benedict, to Adrianople, where they expected to find the sultan Amurath. After, however, he had made them wait eleven days,

'At length he arrived, on the first day of Lent. The mufti, who is with them what the pope is to us, went out to meet him, accompanied by the principal persons of the town, who formed a long procession. He was already near the town when they met him, but had halted to take some refreshment, and had sent forward part of his attendants. He did not make his entry until night-fall.

'During my stay at Adrianople, I had the opportunity of making acquaintance with several persons who had resided at his court, and consequently knew him well, and who told me many particulars about him. In the first place, as I have seen him frequently, I shall say that he is a little, short, thick man, with the physiognomy of a Tartar. He has a broad and brown face, high cheek bones, a round

beard, a great and crooked nose, with little eyes; but they say he is kind, good, generous, and willingly gives away lands and money.

His revenues are two millions and a half of ducats, including twenty-five thousand received as tribute money*. Besides, when he raises an army, it not only costs him nothing, but he gains by it; for the troops that are brought him from Turkey in Europe, pay at Gallipoli, the comarch, which is three aspers for each man, and five for each horse. It is the same at the passage of the Danube. Whenever his soldiers go on an expedition, and make a capture of slaves, he has the right of choosing one out of every five. He is nevertheless thought not to love war, and this seems to me well founded. He has, in fact, hitherto met with such trifling resistance from Christendom that, were he to employ all his power and wealth on this object, it would be easy for him to conquer great part of it†. His favourite pleasures are hunting and hawking; and he has, as they say, upwards of a thousand hounds, and two thousand trained hawks of different sorts, of which I have seen very many.

He loves liquor, and those who drink hard: as for himself, he can easily quaff off from ten to twelve gondils of wine, which amount to six or seven quarts‡. When he has drunk much, he becomes generous, and distributes his great gifts: his attendants, therefore, are very happy when they hear him call for wine. Last year, a Moor took it into his head to preach to him on this subject, admonishing him that wine was forbidden by the prophet, and that those who drank it were not good Saracens. The only answer the prince gave was to order him to prison: he then banished him his territories, with orders never again to set his foot on them.

The reader will not fail to be interested by the following account of an audience which Benedict had of the sultan at Adrianople.

Sir Benedict was impatient to have an audience, and made inquiries of the bashaws if he could see the prince: their answer was a negative. The reason of this refusal was, that they had been drinking with him, and were all intoxicated. They, however, sent on the morrow to the ambassador to let him know they were visible, when

* There must be here an error of the copyist, for 25,000 ducats as tribute is too small a sum. We shall see, further on, that the despot of Servia paid annually 50,000 for himself alone.

† The sultan mentioned here under the name of Amourat Bey, is Amurath II. one of the most celebrated of the Ottoman princes. History records many of his victories, which are indeed for the most part posterior to the account of our traveller. If he did not conquer more, it was owing to having Huniade or Scanderbeg opposed to him. But his glory was eclipsed by that of his son, the famous Mohammed II. the terror of Christians, and surnamed by his countrymen 'the great,' who twenty years after this period, in 1453, took Constantinople, and destroyed what little remained of the Greek empire.

‡ The *quarte*, so called from being the fourth part of the chenet, which contained four pots and one French pint. The pot held two pints, consequently the quarte made two bottles more than half a septier; and twelve gondils made twenty-three bottles.

he instantly waited on each with his presents; for such is the custom of the country, that no one can speak to them without bringing something: even the slaves who guard their gates are not exempted from it. I accompanied him on this visit.

‘On the following day, in the afternoon, he was informed that he might come to the palace. He instantly mounted his horse to go thither with his attendants, and I joined the company; but we were all on foot, he alone being on horseback.

‘In front of the court, we found a great number of men and horses. The gate was guarded by about thirty slaves, under the command of a chief, armed with staves. Should any person offer to enter without permission, they bid him retire: if he persist, they drive him away with their staves.

‘What we call the court of the king, the Turks call ‘*porte du seigneur*.’ Every time the prince receives a message or an embassy, which happens almost daily, ‘*il fait porte*:’ ‘*Faire porte*,’ is for him the same as when our kings of France hold royal state and open court, although there is much difference between the two ceremonies, as I shall presently show.

‘When the ambassador had entered, they made him sit down near the gate, with many other persons who were waiting for the prince to quit his apartment and hold his court. The three bashaws first entered, with the governor of Greece and others of the great lords. His chamber looked into a very large court: the governor went thither to wait for him.—At length he appeared. His dress was, as usual, a crimson satin robe, over which he had, by way of mantle, another of green figured satin, lined with sable. His young boys accompanied him, but no further than to the entrance of the apartment, when they returned. There was nobody with him but a small dwarf, and two young persons who acted the part of fools*.

‘He walked across an angle of the court to a gallery, where a seat had been prepared for him. It was a kind of couch covered with velvet, with four or five steps to mount to it. He seated himself on it, like to our taylor when they are going to work, and the three bashaws took their places a little way from him. The other officers, who on these days make part of the attendants, likewise entered the gallery, and posted themselves along the walls as far from him as they could. Without, but fronting him, were twenty Wallachian gentlemen seated, who had been detained by him as hostages for the good conduct of their countrymen. Within this apartment were placed about a hundred dishes of tin, each containing a piece of mutton and rice.

‘When all were placed, a lord from Bosnia was introduced, who pretended that the crown of that country belonged to him, and came in consequence to do homage for it to the Turk, and ask succour from him against the present king. He was conducted to a seat

* ‘Having fools was a very ancient custom at the eastern courts. It had been introduced by the croisaders to the courts of Christian princes, and was continued at that of France until the reign of Louis XIV.’

near the bashaws; and when his attendants had made their appearance, the ambassador from Milan was sent for.

He advanced, followed by his presents, which were set down near the tin dishes. Persons appointed to receive them raised them above their heads, as high as they could, that the prince and his court might see them. While this was passing, sir Benedict walked slowly toward the gallery. A person of distinction came to introduce him.

On entering, he made a reverence without taking off the bonnet from his head, and when near the steps of the couch he made another very low one. The prince then rose, descended two steps to come nearer to the ambassador, and took him by the hand. The ambassador wished to kiss his hand, but he refused it; and by means of a jew interpreter, who understood the turkish and italian languages, asked how his good brother and neighbour the duke of Milan was in health. The ambassador having replied to this question, he was conducted to a seat near the Bosnian, but walking backwards, with his face toward the prince, according to the custom of the country.

The prince waited to rescat himself, until the ambassador had sitten down: then the different officers on duty who were in the apartment sat down on the floor,—and the person who had introduced the ambassador went to seek for us his attendants, and placed us near the Bosnians.

In the mean time, a silken napkin was attached to the prince, and a round piece of thin red leather was placed before him, for their usage is to eat only from table coverings of leather, then some dressed meat was brought to him in two gilded dishes. When he was served, his officers went and took the tin dishes I have spoken of, and distributed them to the persons in the hall, one dish among four. There was in each a piece of mutton, and some clear rice, but neither bread nor any thing to drink. I saw, however, in a corner of the court a high buffet with shelves, which had some little plate on them, and at the foot was a large silver vase, in the shape of a drinking cup, which I perceived many to drink out of, but whether water or wine I know not.

With regard to the meat on the dishes, some tasted of it, others not; but before all were served, it was necessary to take away, for the prince had not been inclined to eat. He never takes any thing in public, and there are very few persons who can boast of having heard him speak, or of having seen him eat or drink.

On his going away, the musicians, who were placed in the court near the buffet, began to play. They played on instruments, and sung songs that celebrated the heroic actions of turkish warriors. When those in the gallery heard any thing that pleased them, they shouted, after their manner, most horrid cries. Being ignorant on what they were playing. I went into the court, and saw they were stringed instruments, and of a large size.

The musicians entered the apartment, and eat whatever they could find. At length the meat was taken away when every one rose up, and the ambassador retired without having said a word respecting his embassy, which is never customary at a first audience.

On the second day after this ceremony, a sum for payment of the ambassador's expences during his residence at the court, was sent him, according to custom, from the sultan's treasury. On the third, he received a summons to explain the subject of his embassy, which he did, accordingly, at a second audience. But it was not before the tenth day that he was admitted to receive the answer, which, though unfavourable to the object of his mission, was accompanied by a present of '5,000 aspers, with a robe of crimson camocas, lined with yellow calimanco.' At both these subsequent interviews, La Brocquiere was present, and gives very amusing accounts of them, which our limits prevent us from inserting.

La Brocquiere and his friend, the ambassador, after leaving Adrianople, proceeded together through Philippopoli and Sophia into La Rascia,* a province which had been lately conquered by the Turks, and was then entrusted to the government of a renegado Greek named Cenasnin-Bey, who 'did not drink wine like the Turks, was prudent and brave, and knew how to make himself feared and obeyed.'

Soon after, they entered Servia, and saw the despot (George Brancovitz) whose person and attendants are described. Through that country they passed to Belgrade, then under the dominion of the emperor as king of Hungary.

At Buda our traveller parted from his companion, and pursued alone the road towards the Austrian dominions. His account of the manner and character of the Hungarians, his description of a Hungarian tournament, his interview with duke Albert at Vienna, would all afford very amusing matter for quotations if we had not been already so lavish of them.

From Vienna he proceeded along the banks of the Danube through Bavaria to Constance, and by way of the forest-towns to Basil, where he gives an account of a session of the famous council at which he was present.

He was now safely arrived, after all his perils, on the frontiers of the dominions of the duke his master, whom he shortly after met at Dijon and appeared before him 'dressed in the same manner as when he left Damascus, with the horse led before him which he had purchased in that town, and which had brought him to France.'

This faithful animal, together with his dress, he presented to the duke; but a much more valuable present was the copy of the Koran and the Life of Mahomet, which he had procured from the chaplain to the Venetian consul at Damascus.

The subsequent history of his MS. is shortly this. It

* An obsolete appellation of the north-eastern part of Servia.

passed from the duke of Burgundy's library to that of the king of France, and now lies at rest in the national library at Paris, from which it was taken down some years since to be extracted and put into modern French by M. le Grand D'Aussy, who published a new edition, together with a preliminary discourse of his own, a translation of which is prefixed to the present publication by Mr. Johnes.

We feel ourselves much disposed to quarrel with this M. le Grand for his officiousness in thus disfiguring his original. The style of Froissart is perfectly intelligible, and we therefore can hardly conceive the necessity of changing the idiom of La Brocquiere, who wrote fifty years later. But the French, almost to a man, are strangely deficient in that veneration which Englishmen so naturally feel for works of antiquity. In their researches they have been, to the full, as deep and learned as ourselves; but it always appears as if they were directed by curiosity only, wholly unaccompanied by real taste and feeling.

This remark, whether just or not, by no means tends to diminish our sense of obligation to Mr. Johnes, who has presented us with a very interesting work in the only form under which it was accessible to him; and we cannot close the book without repeating (what we have already had many, and anticipate many more, occasions of expressing) our admiration of his assiduity, and heart-felt approbation of the channel in which he has so honourably directed his labours.

ART. III.—*The Epics of the Ton; or, the Glories of the great World: a Poem, in two Books, with Notes and Illustrations.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Baldwin. 1807.

THE apt and striking delineation of character requires no common powers of intellect and discrimination. Character may be termed the totality of inference, which may fairly be deduced from the habits and conduct of any individual. But to express this inference so as to give a sort of analytical representation of the individual, to exhibit not only his exterior appearance, but his moral resemblance and his actual identity, must be a difficult task even in plain and humble prose. But how much must the difficulty be increased when the portrait is to be drawn subject to the shackles of rhyme, and the impediments of verse; and when the likeness is to be invested in flowers, in which the beauties of truth are not spoiled by the colouring of fiction! Among our moralists and historians we might mention several who excel in the delineation of character; but among our poets

there are few to whom we can justly allow the praise. Clarendon is thought by many to be unrivalled in drawing characters; but we hardly think him entitled, in this respect, to the high praise which he has received. For his descriptions are commonly swelled out into such a prolixity of particulars, that the identity is lost, and no individual resemblance seen. A few of the masterly touches of such a writer as Tacitus bring the latent personality, the moral interior of the person, more vividly before our eyes than all the elaborate portraiture of the historian of the stormy period of the first Charles. In Johnson, in Smollet, and particularly in Laing, who is resplendent in the analysis of character, we have many portraits very correctly drawn, richly coloured, and highly descriptive of the individual. In Dryden and in Pope, but particularly the latter, we have several characters depicted in all the charms of verse, yet without any dereliction of resemblance, or violation of truth. The power of poetical compression which Pope possessed, combined with his facility of elegant versification, and the delicacy of his mental sight, rendered him often singularly happy in the delineation of character. Some of his poetical portraits may challenge the palm with the productions of any contemporary, or any succeeding muse. But his natural peevishness, his quick irascibility, with his acquired dislike to the female sex, on account either of their contempt or their neglect, and his theory about a ruling passion, which he has carried to excess, give the fictitious air of caricature rather than the fidelity of character to many of his delineations, particularly of the softer sex. A character, whether in prose or verse, may be depicted either by a copious enumeration of the constituting particulars, or by a selection of some of the predominating peculiarities. But the last usually approaches more to the nature of a caricature; and as it is truth, which gives the principal interest to the delineation of character, every character must be considered as deficient in interest in proportion as it recedes from the accuracy of truth. A character which is accurately drawn and highly finished by the poet, will interest more than a similar character which is developed in the page of the historian; because, in the former, the blandishments of verse are super-added to the vitality of the portrait and the fidelity of the resemblance. In the present work we are presented with numerous characters of the most distinguished persons of both sexes in the higher ranks of life. The portraits in general seem copied from the life, and though they are embellished with poetic flowers of various hues, they appear very seldom to deviate from nature and from truth. Perhaps some of the decorations may be thought too rich, and some

of the ornaments superfluous; but few are displeased with beholding a good picture in an elegant frame. The author of these portraits has framed some of his pictures in a high stile of elegance and taste; but as they are chiefly persons of the *haut ton*, who are either the objects of his satire, or his praise, we cannot blame him for paying considerable attention to the exterior embellishment of the piece. The whole may be regarded as a sort of historic gallery of portraits of contemporary persons of both sexes, on which we gaze with vivid satisfaction. We shall present our readers with some specimens of those characters which seem most entitled to the praise of fidelity and elegance. The author favours us only with the initials of the names; but the characters are so correctly drawn, and so much like the life, that no mistake can well occur in the application.

D—— of D——.

‘ Such moons may shine, when thy bright sun is down,
O born to grace the vale, and gild the town !
On Chiswick’s banks, a flower that woos the sight,
In London’s throngs, a dazzling blaze of light.
No servile rhymster now begins the lay,
And sings, like Tom, for favour, or for pay ;
No rich rewards come glitt’ring from the tomb,
No gaping flatt’rers seek to pierce its gloom.
Hadst thou still bask’d the wing in fashion’s beam,
The muse had flapp’d thee in thy golden dream ;
Or sung a second to some yelping cur,
And raked for gold, perhaps, the dirt of S—r ;
Or wept that virtues, form’d to bless mankind,
Should lose the kernel, and retain the rind ;
That a heart, warm with charity and love,
A prey to sytophants and knaves should prove ;
That nature’s softest feelings should be lost,
Amidst the waves of whirling folly tost ;
Keen though they were to sorrow or delight,
And sweetly warbled from the alpine height :
That talents dear to genius, mark’d for fame,
Should still be wasted at the midnight game ;
Or rack’d next day, to find some new supply,
And bilk a tradesman with a shew to buy :
That she, of softness, past her sex possest,
Felt the mad passions of the gamester’s breast ;
Or urged by faction midst the rabble tribe,
Should kiss a greasy butcher with a bribe ;
Unskill’d discretion with her warmth to blend,
Nor lose herself through zeal to serve a friend.
But, censure hush ! a sacred silence keep ;
Let Loves alone and Graces come to weep ;

Let tears sincere her human frailties mourn,
 Nor flatt'ring lies hold up her tomb to scorn,
 When envy long is dead, and passion calm,
 Her own soft lines shall best her name embalm.'

The affections of the reader will not be uninterested in the following delineation.

C—— of B——

' Yet quit the chase, my muse, however hot;
 Poor Laura's fate! it must not be forgot!
 Unhappy Laura! Why that heart-broke sigh?
 And why that piteous roving of thine eye?
 Why bear'st thou still that care-worn look of woes.
 Which ever seek, but never find repose?
 Hast thou not wealth to tempt the gazing croud?
 Hast thou not titles to allure the proud?
 A feeling heart for others woes to grieve,
 An open hand their miseries to relieve?—
 Yet dost thou seem as if the world were glad,
 And thou of all thy human kindred sad.
 Crowds, noise and pomp, but barb the mental ail,
 She seeks relief in the sequester'd vale:
 Where Scotland's giant mountains threat the skies,
 And half impending o'er the trav'ler rise;
 Where gullies deep are fill'd with torrents black,
 Still thund'ring down the endless cataract;
 Where sombre firs, amid the summer green,
 A gloomy aspect shed o'er all the scene;
 Where rocks asunder rent by nature's throes,
 Their horrid shelves in frequent gaps disclose;
 Where to the jutting herb, on crag too high
 The haggart goat uplifts the rueful eye;
 There where the plover's ever dreary lay,
 Still breaks the cheerless silence of the day,
 Poor Laura sat beneath the stunted tree,
 Unwilling to be seen, and sad to see;
 The scene was dismal, and o'ercast the day,
 Yet was her heart more doleful still than they.
 O fortune, where is now thy envied bliss?
 O flaunting titles, are your joys like this?
 Sorrows there are which riches cannot sooth,
 Nor rank allay, nor tender friendship smooth,
 Which wring the heart through every secret hour,
 And 'midst the busy haunt its peace devour;
 Which only fly when life and joy are flown,
 Which only rest beneath the silent stone;
 There shall her sorrows cease, her cares be o'er,
 Who adds to misery's list one Laura more.'

In pp. 54—59, the poet exhibits a pair of portraits, such

as are not very uncommon in this dissipated age, of a repudiated adultress, and of a lady who has succeeded her in the genial bed, but who seems to have hardly less relish for the delusive charms of a voluptuous life. We shall extract the first; and hope that the admonition will not be lost upon the second.

M— of A—.

‘What joys of wine make th’ art’ry throb so high,
As rapture trembling in the female eye?
What ills so deep the manly bosom move,
As woman’s anguish mix’d with tears of love?
On the bleak beach before the gazing crowd,
To hear these piercing plaints, these shrieks so loud;
To see that bosom, white as bolted snow,
Heave, as ’t would burst by swelling pangs below,
O’er that fine brow the dews of death to trace,
While all his lurid hues o’erspread that face;
To see those polished limbs convulsive start,
Till fainting nature fails to do her part;
To know that all those agonizing woes
Are barb’d by feeling, and from love arose;—
Who would not weep her tears, and sigh her moan,
And wish her tender sorrows half his own?
Yet stay—These tears no mother’s love bespeak,
And for no husband seems that heart to break;
No early friends’ mishap, or parent’s ill,
These limbs convulse, that face with anguish fill:
Her babes, her husband, could that tender dame
Unmoved abandon for a wanton flame;
Could pant with rapture in th’adulterer’s arms,
And feed the guilty riot with her charms.
Now her gay paramour is call’d to wield
Another armour in another field;
For amorous stratagems in Venus’ wars,
To meet Bellona’s wrath and bloody scars;
Exchange for dank morass, the wanton’s bed,
While hostile glances seek his tempting red:
Hence heaves her breast, and hence her color dies—
For now, what lips shall drink her glowing sighs?
What panting breast shall on her bosom pant,
Raise each desire, and satiate every want?
Make all her widow’d nights with transport burn,
And shame and guilt to rapt fruition turn?
For thee, fond fair, let kindred fair ones feel,
Their sorrows mingle, and their joys reveal;
Gloat o’er their pleasures for some passing years,
Then waste their harrowing age in penitential tears!’

In the above, the line

‘While hostile glances seek his tempting red,’

has a spice of epigrammatic ambiguity, or Ovidian conceit, which chills the interest, and weakens the force of the rest. Writers are too apt to be drawn aside from the line of correct taste and good sense by some thought that glitters, or some trope that shines. There are certain combinations of ideas or of words, which aided by the vanity of the writer pervert even the judgment of a perspicuous and discriminating mind, till the ardour of composition has cooled, and the spangle of novelty is gone. Hence frequent and calm revision cannot too warmly be recommended to all writers, both of prose and verse, particularly the latter, in whom the Parnassian fume, which is rarely unmingled with a large portion of self-conceit, is wont to intoxicate the brain. In the last line the word 'harrowing,' might perhaps have been omitted with advantage to the harmony, and without any injury to the sense. The drawling Alexandrine, though frequently employed by the best writers, seldom adds to the force, though it often tediously extends the length and swells the volume of our heroic verse.

'What panting breast shall on her bosom pant,
Raise each desire and *satiate every want?*'

The words in italics are prosaic, cold, and hardly sufficiently delicate.

The late fashionable neglect among the ladies of domestic duties and of household affairs, to attain the superficial frippery of useless science, and to amass a jargon of philosophic lore at the R—I—n, is well and happily ridiculed in the descriptive sketch of the C— of M—. The whole is unhappily too long for quotation.

The significant compression in the first of the following lines has seldom been excelled.

'When Flora's pores distend with vernal pith,
Now haste the fair to catch the laws of S—th.'

The voluptuous effrontery of Lady C— is drawn with great spirit, force, and truth.

V— C—

'What picture should we say were drawn to life?
A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife,
A portly figure, not quite six foot high,
Nor 'twixt the shoulders three, yet very nigh;
With full bare bosom that defies the wind,
Well-suiting breast-work to the tower behind;
With open countenance, that disdains to hide
Eye proudly rolling, and majestic stride;

Limbs such as huntress Dian once did own,
With fair round flesh upon no spindle bone :
Who scorns to shrink from our inclement air,
Arms, ancles, bosom, neck, and shoulders, bare ;
Whose voice her inward greatness not belies,
Not speaks but thunders, lightens, and defies ;
Who in all scenes supports an equal name,
High struts at Court, high ventures in the game ;—
Such is the picture, truly drawn to life,
A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife ;
Even such is she who stoutly holds the rein
O'er him whose double strings had burst in twain.'

Pope has seldom tricked off the modish fair to more advantage than we find in the poetic portraiture of L—C—C—, from which we select the following :

' Belinda's charms unfold
More than is given to birth, or bought with gold ;
The rose and lily blending in her face,
And all expression beaming through all grace ;
Her peerless figure such as poets feign,
When Venus first ascended from the main ;
See how her motions vibrate to the heart,
See every limb a master-piece of art !
Not Venus self knew more alluring wiles,
Or more bewitchery, more eternal smiles.
No damp, no cold, o'erhung her opening day,
Still witty, wanton, frolicsome, and gay ;
The ground she tript seem'd livelier from her tread,
The hearts she pierced throbb'd sprightlier as they bled.
No prudish mopish arts she deign'd to try,
Nor grudg'd her beauties to the kindling eye ;
Still seen where fashion held her trophied court ;
Still known the foremost in the throng'd resort ;
No votary sought a smile, and sought in vain ;
None prais'd unheard, unnoticed told his pain ;
Averse her bounteous soul to hide a charm
Which nature gave so many hearts to warm,
Her ling'ring foot, the chariot mounting slow,
Display'd the ancle to the circling beau ;
The welcom'd eye perused her melting shape,
And half forgot the intervening crape.'

Our author's male-figures seem hardly less happily executed than his female. But we must be more brief in our extracts. The famous manager of Drury-lane is very characteristically drawn. His genius, indolence, versatility of talent, and intemperance of life, are properly distinguished. The description closes with the following lines, which we are sorry to say, from our admiration of mental excellence,

which might have been so transcendantly exalted, if it had not been so much perverted in the use, are in unison with truth.

—' But night draws on, and darkness hastes to hide
Unfruitful talents, genius misapplied ;
Fame without reverence ; age without respect,
Doom'd to regret and sinking to neglect.
Doom'd, after years mispent, to make a show,
And catch the multitude however low,
To feel the want of power e'en mobs to move,
And, at the Hustings, purgatory prove !
Enraged, indignant, filled with grief and spleen,
He closes, wretched close ! the heartless scene.'

The late minister of war appears to be no favourite with the author ; but we must be contented with extracting only a part of the description.

* Still to be singular, his constant view,
And, what no other would, to say and do ;
Still wrapt in mazy clouds of paradox,
And still most pleas'd when most our sense he mocks,
No tame consistency to curb his plan,
Let others reconcile it if they can ;
Now would he bring no soldiers to the field,
But all the best which all the land could yield ;
Pure gold quite sever'd from the drossy nation,
And quite new men by martial education ;—
Now Sunday mobs, with constable at head,
To church-yard camps by general Sexton led,
With pike accoutr'd or old rusty gun,
With swearing corporal, drummer, fife, and fun,
With beer-pot ready, and attendant wench,
Are quite the thing to overthrow the French !
One day he'll talk of learning and what not,
Another praise the wiser Hottentot ;
Maintain his breast with purer feelings glows,
And guts and garbage are the best of clothes.
Now hear him tell how little's due to birth,
How Education makes the man of worth :
Now hear him hold that men, just as they're born,
Are good and bad, as spring the tares and corn ;
Nor teacher more can change them by his care
Than give or take high-cheek bones, and red hair.
But hear the genius orator declaim,
And strive to gain the palm of wordy fame :
There Fancy throws poor reason in the shade,
There Exclamation lends her brilliant aid !
There figures strange, by some enchantment caught,
Are neck and heels into the service brought ;
There three-leg'd metaphors o'er hedge and stile,
Bound with high limp, and fall into the toil ;

There words new coin'd and phrases from Rag-fair,
 With thoughts refined, and turns poetic, pair ;
 There Metaphysic spreads her robe of snow,
 And at her elbow starts to hear "dust-ho !"
 Strange is the motley group produced to view,
 Where something's always odd and something new
 Amused, fatigued, and never well content,
 The hearer loses but the argument ;
 Profuse the garnish covers every spot,
 And but the foolish dishes are forgot.

Of these Epics, as they are called, several both of the male and female delineations might have been improved by compression ; and the figures would often have stood out more from the canvass, if they had been less encumbered with luxuriance of ornament. But, though the drapery is rich, it seldom evinces any marks of vitiated taste.—There is here and there a little tinsel which might have been spared ; the glitter of puerile conceit, or the mere redundancy of imagination. But when we consider the difficulties with which the author had to contend, and the singular delicacy of execution which he has generally evinced, we are more willing to commend the felicity than to censure the defects of his performance.

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on the Varieties and Consequences of Ophthalmia. With a preliminary Inquiry into its contagious Nature. By Arthur Edmonston, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 8vo. 7s. boards, Edinburgh. Blackwood. 1806.*

DR. Edmonston appears to have been surgeon to the second regiment of Argyleshire fencibles, and to have accompanied that regiment in the beginning of 1802 in its passage homewards from Gibraltar to the mother country. The ophthalmia attacked several of the men before the landing of the regiment : on shore it attacked in succession many others, and it seems that in the end hardly an individual of the whole body escaped the disease. These and other concurring facts convinced the doctor that the disease was contagious, and of the same nature as the Egyptian ophthalmia, a pest which, it is too probable, may become endemial to Europe. In the spring of 1802 Dr. Edmonston gave an account of this ophthalmia in a pamphlet, which he has here republished, and incorporated with a more extended inquiry into the contagious nature of this disorder. This inquiry is prefixed to the present treatise, which comprehends the history of ophthalmia in general, of its causes and treatment,

Dr. E. asserts himself to be the first who demonstrated the contagious nature of this disease. But as he does not pretend to be the first who suggested it, we cannot allow any extraordinary merit to the activity displayed in writing a pamphlet on the subject.

The preliminary inquiry is introduced by a sketch of the previous opinions, both ancient and modern, which have been entertained of the contagious nature of ophthalmia. Most of them are very vague and unsatisfactory; but we are obliged to Dr. E. for rescuing from oblivion a very distinct history of a contagious ophthalmia, which broke out in his majesty's ship Albemarle in the year 1782. The infection was communicated from three seamen, impressed from a slave ship on the coast of Hispaniola. The fact is related in an inaugural dissertation, *du tucndâ nautarum sanitate*, by Dr. James Armstrong, printed at Edinburgh in 1789. The second part of the inquiry contains Dr. E.'s own pamphlet on the subject. In a third part we have an account of an epidemic ophthalmia which appeared at Paris in the spring of 1803, and which was connected with the influenza at that time prevalent, and appeared to alternate with that disease. But whether this affection was contagious or merely epidemic seems by no means thoroughly ascertained. An investigation of the nature of the Egyptian ophthalmia next follows. But the author was not himself annexed to the expedition to Egypt, and has therefore been obliged to collect his information from sources, to which every one has the same access as himself. Savory, Sonnini and Volney among general observers, with Bruent and Savoresi, physicians attached to the French army which invaded Egypt, are the principal authorities he has made use of. The general tendency of their evidence is to prove that the extreme frequency of the disease in this country is owing to an assemblage of causes, operating there more powerfully perhaps than in any other country on the face of the earth. We hoped to have found some communications on this subject from some of our countrymen who had served with the English troops employed in this country. But Dr. Edmonston's correspondence seems to have been very limited; and indeed, to have been confined to two or three regimental surgeons, whom he met with at Gibraltar. But though this circumstance has disappointed our hopes of obtaining any very novel or authentic information from his work, we have found this preliminary inquiry by far the most interesting portion of the whole of this performance. However, the arguments used to establish the contagious nature of ophthalmia are more fitted for an academical thesis than a practical treatise. The principle is pushed likewise infinitely too far; for it would seem to be the consequence of his rea-

soning, not that there exists a peculiar contagious ophthalmia (which we doubt not is the fact) ; but that every modification of the disease is so too. This appears to us as rational as setting about to show that all sore throats, or all catarrhs are infectious, because the angina maligna undoubtedly, and the influenza probably is so. But the most important points of the subject are left wholly untouched. For example, in what the contagion differs from the ordinary ophthalmia, what is the mode of infection, whether by contact or at a limited distance, what is the period between the reception of the contagion and the access of the disease? On points like these, a page of which is in our mind of more value than a volume of speculation, we find Dr. Edmonston profoundly ignorant, or at least profoundly silent.

The occurrence of ophthalmia in the regiment in which he served, and the accident of having been among the first to publish the opinion of its being contagious, seem to be circumstances which have prompted Dr. Edmonston to write this general treatise, rather than any particular acquaintance with the disease, or we, may add, any peculiar qualification for the task he has undertaken. We say this as we think his performance betrays strong signs of a contracted education, and in consequence of his possessing a very scanty portion of medical science. That we may not seem to hazard this assertion without proof, we shall quote the following paragraph. We find it under the head of *Intermittent ophthalmia*, considered as a species of the idiopathic disease.

‘ There is a curious instance of periodical blindness, which seems referable to this head, related by Dr. Samuel Pye in the *Medical Observations and Inquiries*, of a person becoming one afternoon suddenly blind, and losing the use of his limbs. He recovered both with the rising of the sun, and lost them again when he set. The blindness was complete during the attack, for the patient could not see the light of a candle held close to his eyes. This periodic and daily affection continued for the space of two months; and then vanished of itself, leaving the eye perfectly sound.’

It seems then that Dr. Edmonston does not know even the name of this disease; and there are strong internal marks of his never having read the original account of the case, which he has quoted. Had he done so, he would at least have called it a case of *nyctalopia*, a disease of which, though it is to be esteemed very uncommon, several authentic histories are to be found in medical records. If the doctor is not more correct in his other quotations, than we have found him in this, he has performed his duty to the public most wretchedly; for his report is materially erroneous, both in the account of the symptoms and of the event of this case.

We have found the execution of Dr. Edmonston's work

exactly to correspond with our opinion of its origin, and the qualifications of the writer. It is very regular in its description of the disease under its various forms, its divisions, and the enumeration of the consequences, which are apt to ensue from it: very copious in the account of the causes, whether external or internal, which produce the ophthalmia, and sufficiently correct in the treatment which he recommends in its various stages. But still the whole is performed in such a manner, as not to impress the conviction, that the author has had any particular personal experience of the disease, or any other advantage than an access to books which are in the hands of every surgeon. If therefore we are not inclined to set much value on his labours, it is because, first, we do not think that there is any particular chasm in medical literature, which this work is calculated to fill up; and, secondly, because the treatment of the diseases of this delicate organ depends more perhaps than any other upon that precise, accurate, and discriminating skill, which is to be obtained by an abundant experience only. We will however present our readers with the following extract: the remark it contains is not, we believe, without novelty, and may serve to dissipate an alarm, which is often excited without sufficient foundation.

‘The cornea sometimes, and in particular cases assumes a milky appearance, and the individual is subject to temporary blindness, without much preceding inflammation, and often where little more had operated than merely a determination to the head. I had frequently observed this milky appearance of the cornea, and had been surprised at the rapidity with which it came on, and with which it disappeared; but I had no accurate conception of the mode in which these changes were effected, until my friend, Dr. Barclay, by stating to me the following curious observation, enabled me in some measure to explain it: Trying to fill the vessels of the cornea, from one of the veins lying on the outside of the sclerotic, he injected mercury, and instantly saw the cornea become opaque, and of a milky colour. The appearance led him to suppose that he had succeeded, but the eye-ball was heavier, and both the sclerotic and the cornea very tense. On pressing the eye, some of the mercury returned by the vein, a considerable degree of the tension was removed, the cornea recovered part of its transparency, and he saw a number of mercurial globules, lying in the angle between it and the iris. These globules, when the eye was shaken horizontally from right to left, did not cross towards the pupil, but ran round in the angle in which he had observed them, showing that the iris must have been convex towards the cornea at that time. To account for the return of transparency in the cornea, he supposed that the pressure and elasticity of the vessels had driven back the mercury, and satisfied with this view, he resolved to inject another eye, and preserve it afterwards in spirits. In removing the muscles from this other eye, he held it in his left hand, and accidentally pressing it to keep it steady, to his great

surprize, he saw the same appearance which he had supposed to have been produced by the mercury. Instead therefore of injecting this eye with mercury he injected it with water, and saw the cornea rendered as opaque and milky in its colour as it had been by his finer injection. The conclusion was obvious; that the opacity arose from tension, and the tension in two of the cases from a more than usual quantity of fluids.'

These facts give an easy and natural explanation of the production of a temporary dimness, and point out the use of methods of depletion in such cases. It is not uncommon for horses to become blind after they are sent to grass (probably from a dependant position of the head) and to recover their sight again in a very short time. The purgative nature of their new food probably assists their recovery.

The practical part of the volume bears the same marks as the rest, of its having been derived more from the works of preceding writers, than from personal experience. The author seems very fond of criticising the directions of Mr. Ware. This gentleman has advised, in some cases of inflammation of the conjunctiva, an excision of a portion of this membrane as preferable to a simple scarification. Dr. Edmonston thinks this process totally inadmissible in the inflammatory stage of ophthalmia, and gives several reasons for his opinion. We must take leave to think that Mr. Ware, who has performed this operation probably in some thousand instances, is a more competent judge of this matter than Dr. Edmonston, who perhaps has not done it once. We must also take the same liberty with regard to the existence of the ophthalmia, said to arise from suppressed gonorrhœa, of which Dr. E. has given us a very frightful description, from the accounts of other writers, and examples of which, he would make us believe, have fallen under his own observation. But when Mr. Ware declares, that he has never seen such an effect to have arisen from suppressed gonorrhœa, and when we consider the ample opportunities he has enjoyed for discovering the truth, and we cannot perceive any motive for his concealing of it, we cannot help paying more deference to his authority than to that of Dr. Edmonston. Not that we will subscribe to the dictates of any master, or are unwilling to do justice to Dr. E. where justice we think to be due. We acknowledge then that the young theorist appears sometimes to have the advantage of the old practitioner. In his explanation of the causes of the *inversion of the eye-lids*, he is much more simple than his predecessor, and his account is probably much nearer the truth. Mr. Ware has attributed this appearance to a diseased state of the muscles of the eye-lids, and has supposed that one

muscle is preternaturally relaxed and another contracted, at the same time. This reasoning Dr. E. reprobates as fanciful, and grounded on suppositions that are at once gratuitous and inadequate: he thinks the inversion is a consequence of previous inflammation, and is produced immediately by ulceration on the internal surface of the lids. This will naturally cause a contraction of this surface, of which the trichiasis will be a consequence. This, if gentle methods fail, will require a corresponding ulceration to be made on the opposite external surface, to produce an opposite contraction.

We trust that what we have said is enough to show that the opinion we have expressed of Dr. Edmonston's work can have proceeded only from a fair and unbiassed estimate of its value. We think it worthy the perusal of the student, and that it may properly fill a vacant corner on his shelf, provided it do not exclude the more laboured and estimable performances of men, who have dedicated their lives to the practice of this single branch of their profession.

ART. V.—*A biographical History of England from the Revolution to the End of George I's Reign; being a Continuation of the Rev. J. Granger's Work: consisting of Characters, disposed in different Classes, and adapted to a methodical Catalogue of engraved British Heads; interspersed with a Variety of Anecdotes and Memoirs of a great Number of Persons, not to be found in any biographical Work. The Materials being supplied by the Manuscripts left by Mr. Granger, and the Collections of the Editor. By the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 7s. boards. Richardson. 1806.*

A CONTINUATION of Mr. Granger's Biographical History of England has long been a desideratum with the collectors of portraits and the lovers of anecdote. The present work will not entirely supply the deficiency, but it will probably excite some other person in the republic of letters to complete that part of the work which has been left unfinished. In the composition of his Biographical History the zeal of Mr. Granger was never cooled and his enquiries never still. He spared neither pains nor expense in the collection of materials, and the papers which he left at his death, which the present editor has methodised and prepared for publication, with numerous corrections and additions of his own, are sufficient to prove how perfect the present work of Mr. Granger would have been if the length of his life had been equal to the intensity of his diligence and the vigilance of his research. Mr. Noble appears to have acted the part of an able and judi-

cious continuator of Mr. Granger's history; and we readily pardon many inaccuracies and mistakes which he may have committed, when we consider the variety of materials which he had to adjust, and the infinity of particulars which he had to combine. We could wish that Mr. Noble had been more indulgent in communicating his authorities, and shown what is the basis of proof on which many of the most important anecdotes in these three volumes rest, and the sources from which they are derived. We esteem this to be a great defect in the present publication. Mr. Noble had either authorities to which he could have appealed for the numerous anecdotes, &c. which he has detailed, or he had not; if he had, those authorities ought to have been produced; and if he had not, the fact should either have been mentioned or the anecdotes suppressed. Where Mr. Granger or Mr. Noble were eye-witnesses or ear-witnesses of the particulars which they relate, we can cheerfully give them credit without requiring any additional proof; but where what they assert is grounded on the written or the oral testimony of others, a reference should have been made to the original authorities. History without any reference to authorities, or any documents, loses half its interest, because it loses the appearance of veracity.

Biography is the most amusing and instructive species of history, and biographical sketches of the most distinguished persons, who have flourished in the annals of any country, must in fact contain an epitomized history of the genius, manners, sentiments, the political, moral, and literary character, of the people. The biographical notices of Mr. Granger, are indeed confined to those persons whose portraits have been perpetuated by one of the most elegant of the arts, which promotes the multiplication of pictures, as the press does that of books. Of those persons indeed whose lineaments have been traced by the skill of the engraver, there will be found many who have been more celebrated for their vanity, their folly, or their crimes, than for their genius or their worth. But the biographical epitome of vanity or of folly is seldom without its share of amusement, and the accounts of crimes can hardly be destitute of salutary admonition. Of a work like the present, consisting of so many detached and insulated parts, with little dependence or connection, it is impossible to furnish a regular analysis, or to describe in any other way than by a selection of particulars. We shall therefore extract from the three volumes which are now lying before us, a few biographical notices, which we think likely either to interest or amuse; and as we are friends to the revolution in 1688, and to the house of Hanover, which that event finally honoured with the British crown,

we shall commence our quotations with a brief sketch of the princess Sophia, the niece of Charles the 1st by his sister Elizabeth, and the maternal ancestor of his present majesty.

'Sophia had been in habits of correspondence with James, whose misfortunes she deplored; and ever expressed her concern to William, whom she personally knew, and whose character she admired. Though attached to England by unfeigned partiality, yet she had the greatness of mind to desire he would pass by her in favour of the family of Stuart.' She died in 1714, at the advanced age of 84. The writer says that 'she had as many virtues and confessedly more accomplishments than any of the princesses her contemporaries. She spoke four languages with fluency, Low Dutch, German, French, and Italian, and was a proficient in the Latin besides. She was as great a worker with her needle as Mary II. Those pursuits did not injure her health, for she constantly used the exercise of walking: age had not marked her with furrows, nor deprived her of teeth.'

Charles Seymour, the sixth duke of Somerset, who was born in 1652, had many generous and noble qualities, but their lustre was eclipsed by the offensive extravagance of his pride. Of that pride many specific acts are on record, together with the concomitant mortifications to which pride never fails to be exposed. Of this singular nobleman the pride was not less than that of a king with the sceptre in his hand. It had indeed a sort of imperial air.

'His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared that he might pass without obstruction or observation. "Go out of the way," says an attendant to a countryman who was driving a hog. "Why?" said the boor, "Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon." The man enraged, seizing the hog by his ears, held him up to the window, exclaiming, "I will see him, and my pig shall see him too."

His first wife was a Percy: his second, a Finch, daughter of the earl of Westmorland. His pride saw a wide distinction between a Percy and a Finch. When his second lady once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he turned round with an indignant sour countenance and said,

'My first dutchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty. His two youngest daughters used to stand and watch alternately while he slept in an afternoon; Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down; the duke waked, and displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will he left her 20,000*l.* less than her sister.'

Mortified pride will, as experience proves, generate rancour and resentment; but we have seldom heard of any permanent bitterness excited in the bosom of a parent by such a trivial instance of unintentional neglect. The duke was so attached to precedence, that he would probably have rather submitted to the pains of starvation than have practised

the christian precept of declining the seat of distinction and taking the lowest room. Sir James Delaval laid a wager of 1000*l.* that he would take precedence of the duke, whether he would or no. He accordingly posted himself in a narrow road, where the duke was to pass: Sir James had the arms of the house of Howard painted on the pannels of his coach, and an appropriate livery on the back of his attendants. Somerset no sooner appeared, than the Duke of Norfolk's approach was affected by the servants of Sir James. The proud duke, scrupulously attentive to a point of etiquette, drew up close to the hedge, when Sir James passing, wished his grace a good morning, and won his wager to the no small mortification of the unwilling peer.

William III. though so often panegyri^zed, does not appear to have deserved all the praise which he has received. The affections seem barely to vegetate on the dykes of Holland; and the bosom of William does not appear to have felt their influence, or to have cherished their growth more than the rest of his countrymen. He was cold and selfish, incapable of attracting love or of inspiring personal regard. His talents were rather those of prudential calculation than comprehensive or sublime. His apathy enabled him to bear defeat with an apparent magnanimity, which was in fact only the result of his constitutional insensibility. His courage was not of the most elevated species, it was rather a physical property than the moral emanation of the soul. He was fond of inflicting manual chastisement on his valets and attendants; and the shoulders of his pages could attest the presence of his cane. Had his present majesty employed the same mode of knighting, it is more than probable that he would not have been troubled with so many competitors for the high distinction. William does not seem to have carried his complaisance to any great length towards the female sex: even to his wife, whom he confessed that 'he never knew guilty of an indiscretion' he was sullen and austere; and to the princess Anne he did not even behave with the civility of a prince or the good manners of a gentleman. 'When she wrote to congratulate him upon taking of Namur, he never answered her letter.' On another occasion when the same lady was with child and longed for peas, the phlegmatic Dutchman very deliberately devoured the single dish, which was provided for the repast. William, like most other sovereigns, does not seem to have been without tyrannical propensities. When the house of commons required him to dismiss his Dutch guards, his rage almost got the better of his discretion.

'When he first heard of the vote, he walked for some time through his apartments with his eyes fixed upon the ground, stopped, threw them round him with wildness, and said, "If I had a son these guards, should not quit me."

William the fourth earl of Cavendish and the first duke of Devonshire, was the principal instrument in producing the revolution of 1688. He had been singularly caressed and favoured by James, but the syren smiles of a perfidious court were never capable of estranging his heart from the love of civil and religious liberty. He determined to subvert a government, which was verging towards an intolerable despotism.

‘He reposed his secret at first in no one’s bosom, but the earl of Danby’s. They met privately on a morning in 1688, on Whittington moor, a middle place between Chatsworth, Shevilon, and Aston, all in Derbyshire, a spot, the last in the island where James could have supposed a scheme could have been laid to dethrone him. The morning ending with much rain, these two noble lords took shelter in the poor mean village alehouse, the sign of the Cock and Pynot, in the sequestered village of Whittington. Their persons were unknown to the village publican or his neighbours. In the parlour of this house, still called the Plotting parlour, only 15 feet by almost 13, sat these peers frequently, and here they laid a scheme which dethroned James and established freedom.’

We have the following account of Mrs. Voss, whose hands and arms were so often appropriated by Sir Godfrey Kneller to many noble dames whom he drew. Sir Godfrey had conceived a violent predilection for the captivating personalities of Mrs. Voss, but the lady was unfortunately wedded to one of the society of friends, who did not like to part with his wife without a valuable compensation. The passion of the painter was not intirely separated from discretion. He procured by a bribe the charms which he coveted to possess; but he reimbursed himself by converting the same into a model of his art. ‘The hands and arms’ of Mrs. Voss and perhaps her neck graced the form of numerous noble dames, and many were undoubtedly more indebted to her than to nature for no small part of their painted fascinations.

The genius of the great duke of Marlborough seems to have made ample amends for the defects of his education. He could hardly write his own language, and yet he was certainly one of the most able negociators in Europe. He had that kind of intuitive sagacity, which is not to be learned from books, which enabled him instantaneously to take advantage of circumstances, to discover the latent springs of action, to unmask the reserves, and to penetrate the motives of mankind. This gave him great advantage both in the cabinet and in the field. In the field his eye and the whole intelligence of his soul, were at once present in every part, quickly discerning the mistakes of his adversaries, and rectifying his own; taking immediate advantage of the momen-

tary turns of fortune, and of those trivial fatalities or oversights, which so often decide the events of war; and in the cabinet he could unravel the intricacies of intrigue, and pry into the preponderance of interests by his native perspicacity. 'He discovered the politics of Frederic I. king of Prussia, by observing the maps upon his table.'

When it is said, *Quisque suæ faber fortunæ*, that each individual is the artificer of his own fortune, the adage cannot be deemed true without ample allowance being made for those apparently frivolous occurrences, or fortuitous contingencies, which have no connection with genius or worth, but on which future success and eminence seem primarily to hinge and principally to depend. The duke of Marlborough's sister, Arabella, had attracted the amorous attentions of the duke of York, afterwards James the II^d; and her complaisance on this occasion seems to have laid the first ground-work for the elevation of her family. Her brother was thus brought within the verge of the court, where the dutchess of Cleveland is said to have distinguished him by her passionate regard, and at one time to have accompanied her smiles with a donation of 5000*l*. His rise in the army became rapid; and James on his accession distinguished him by his favour and created him a peer. But a keen perception of interest soon led him to desert James and to join the party of his enemies; but he did not enjoy the unlimited confidence of the court, till the accession of Anne, when the influence of his wife over the feeble mind of the queen procured for him an unbounded ascendant in the government.—The power which he enjoyed seemed to be no otherwise gratifying than as it ministered to his rapacity. Avarice has been called the vice of little minds. If by a little mind we mean that which is neither enlarged by science nor humanized by philanthropy, we may safely pronounce the mind of the duke of Marlborough to have been contemptibly minute. If his avarice did not originate in the defects of his education, it was certainly increased by the absence of those checks which naturally arise out of a cultivated mind. The relations which have been circulated concerning avarice, often seem to border on the marvellous; but the following anecdote of the duke of Marlborough seems not to be at all deficient in authenticity. One evening at Lord Bath's, he asked General Pulteney, who had been his aid de camp in Flanders, to lend him sixpence to pay his chair hire to his residence in another part of Bath. The sum was sent; but the duke was no sooner gone than a wager was laid that he would not hire a chair, but put the money in his pocket and walk home on foot. One of the company followed his grace, and found him trudging home with pedestrian humility. Yet this very man who was a slave to self,

appears to have possessed the happy art of preserving the equilibrium of his temper amid vexations and inconveniences in which the bosoms of others are usually tempested with rage and discontent. A hard rain once coming on, as he was riding with commissary Mariot, the duke asked for his cloak; and the man not bringing it immediately, he asked for it again; but received this insolent reply: 'You must stay, Sir, if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get it.' The duke coolly observed to his companion, 'I would not be of that fellow's temper, for all the world!' And the same temper which the duke evinced under trivial he manifested under greater and more serious mortifications. Though the military talents of the duke of Marlborough have been eclipsed by many of those whose genius has been excited by the turbulent period of the French revolution, yet it is certain that he possessed one species of talent which may endure a comparison with any of his successors;—that of communicating an army composed of the most discordant materials, of different nations, languages and religions, the enthusiastic impulse of a common interest and a common cause,—a spirit of energy and of concord, which pervaded the whole and animated every part.

It is with no common pleasure that we behold genius emerging from obscurity; and the culture of the mind strenuously prosecuted in circumstances of penury and distress. Thomas Britton was apprenticed to a dealer in small coal, which trade he afterwards exercised in the parish of Clerkenwell. His occupation did not prevent him from attaining to a considerable proficiency in chemistry, music, and particularly in the black-lettered lore. In the morning he was seen crying small coal; and in the evening he was attended by a large company of both sexes to witness the exertion of his musical powers.

'Ladies of rank were frequently seen climbing to his loft by a ladder to regale their ears.' 'This self-taught genius did not scruple to appear in his check-shirt when he met a weekly society of black-lettered literati, though there were noble lords present; when leaving his sack and measures at the threshold, he was shown into the apartment, where he, in common with the other members, produced his books, collected from stalls and blind alleys.'

His death was occasioned by a ventriloquist, who during a musical conversation, pronounced these words as if from a distance, 'Thomas Britton, go home, for thou shalt die.' This incident pressed upon his mind, which was not free from superstition, and accelerated his dissolution in 1714.

Thomas Woolston, who was born in 1669, presents us with the singular spectacle of a christian divine attacking the truth

of christianity. His works caused a great ferment when they first appeared; but instead of being refuted by argument, government had very unwisely recourse to the illogical method of persecution. His productions were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman: the author was sentenced to be imprisoned and to pay a fine. Dr. Clarke at that time condemned the rigor of these proceedings, as contrary to the principles of toleration. When the term of his imprisonment expired, Woolston was unable to pay his fine; and he remained within the rules of the King's Bench; here an epidemic complaint hurried him to the grave, Jan. 27. 1733.

Woolston certainly erred in point of judgment; but he appears to have been sincere in the opinions which he embraced, and to have been influenced by the love of truth, more than the impulses of singularity in their publication. His moral character was without a blot; and his death manifested a conviction of integrity and innocence. When he found his end approaching, he said, 'This is a struggle which all men must go through; which I bear not only patiently, but with willingness.' He then drew his hand over his eyes and mouth; and died without a groan.

Religious persecution is always the object of our abhorrence, whether it be exercised by protestant or catholic. The morality of the persecution, does not, according to our notions, vary with the persecuting sect; it is bad in all; in all it is the usurpation of a power, which does not belong to man. The following does not exhibit the spectacle of an individual, agonizing in torture, or expiring on the rack, but it interests our sympathy by the rigour of the sentence, combined with the mild inoffensive virtue of the individual. Paul Atkinson was a Franciscan friar, who was condemned under the penal statute of William III. to perpetual imprisonment in Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Here he lived 'with cheerful composure, beloved and respected by the keeper of the castle and the whole neighbourhood as an unfortunate, amiable man.' He was occasionally indulged with the permission of walking abroad, when some uncharitable bigots, offended with the indulgence which he experienced, made their complaints accordingly; and the poor friar retired to his miserable apartment for the remainder of his days. He died in 1729 at the age of seventy-four, after having passed thirty years in durance vile. The act, by which Atkinson was condemned, was not repealed till 1778!

Thomas Hearne, the celebrated antiquary, was originally an assistant in the kitchen of Francis Cherry, esq. but instead of attending to his business he is said to have had his nose always in a book. His kind master, however, discovered his capacity, sent him to school, and afterwards had him entered at St. Edmund's hall, Oxford. There the vic-

lence of his Jacobitical prejudices prevented his preferment, without relaxing his antiquarian research. The scholar has been much indebted to the exploring diligence of Hearne. Antiquarians are generally reckoned odd animals, and the appearance of Hearne was not calculated to obliterate the unfavourable prepossession. He is said,

‘Of all lumber-headed, stupid looking beings, to have had the most stupid appearance, not only in his countenance, but his every limb.—No neck; his head looking as if he were peeping out of a sack of corn, his arms short, and clumsy, remarkably ill-placed on his body, his legs ditto.’

Saunderson, the celebrated mathematician, lost his sight when he was only one year of age, so that he never retained any recollection of light or colour, but the progress which he made in literature and philosophy, in the most inauspicious circumstances, is surprizing. At the age of twenty-five he repaired to Cambridge, where he was permitted to lecture on different branches of philosophy. ‘He explained optics, light, colours, theory of vision, effect of glasses, phenomena of the rainbow, &c. by the knowledge of lines, on geometrical principles.’ On the resignation of Whiston, he was appointed to the Lucasian chair. The acuteness of his other senses, seemed to have made amends for the privation of his sight.

‘His hearing and feeling were exquisite, he even perceived the passing cloud; and knew in a calm when he passed a tree, by the air. He played well upon the flute, and was so perfectly well acquainted with music, that he could distinguish to the fifth part of a note. He knew the size of a room by sound; and the distance he was from the wall; and if he had once walked over a pavement in a court or piazza, which reflected sounds, he knew, when he went again, the exact place he was in. The nicety of his touch was such that he could detect spurious medals by the perception of inequalities, which escaped the eye; but he could not tell the difference of coloured cloths, &c.’

This acuteness of sense in the philosopher was combined with an irritability of disposition, which diminished his value as a companion and friend.

Instances of credulity have been common in all ages, but perhaps the following may rank among the prodigies of human belief. In 1726, Mary Tofts of Godalming in Surry pretended that she was gitted with the extraordinary faculty of producing rabbits by parturition; and declared that in one year she had been safely delivered of seventeen of these salacious quadrupeds. Enormous as this absurdity may appear, several physicians and divines gave ample credence to the tale. And the learned Whiston, the mathematical professor at Cam-

bridge, was weak enough not only to place implicit belief in this 'monstrous conception,' but to consider it as the completion of a prophecy in Esdras!!!

We have thus presented our readers with what we hope will prove an agreeable *melange* from these amusing volumes. To the lovers of anecdote, and more particularly to the collectors of portraits, they will furnish no unpalatable repast; and those who have either no inclination or no ability to purchase the books, will perhaps thank us for the specimens which we have exhibited of this multifarious publication.

ART. VI.—*The Triumphs of Petrarch: translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. &c. &c. Translator of Dante, &c. &c. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

WE were induced, from the manner in which Mr. Boyd had executed his task of the 'Divina Commedia,' to form a favourable expectation of the present volume. In translating Dante he seems to have caught some inspiration from his original. The structure of his verse was peculiarly well adapted, his cadences were often sonorous, his language dignified, and (if he sometimes expressed himself so darkly as to create in us a suspicion that he did not clearly understand what he would be at,) that very darkness had somewhat imposing in it. It has been very justly remarked that a narrow boundary separates the sublime from the unintelligible.

When this new book was announced, we had immediate recourse to our Petrarch; for, to speak the truth, although the *Trionfi* had been often in our mouths before, we were not at all confident of having ever read them. Our hopes were considerably damped by the perusal, and at last perished in Mr. Boyd's first page. Our opinion, upon the whole, is, that the insipid pedantry of the original is equalled only by the prosaic flatness of the translation. In other respects, it is accurate enough, as well as plain and intelligible. There are no faults of grammar or style to startle, no false glare of sentiment, no bombast, no affectation, to disgust the reader; and he who, not understanding Italian, yet wishes to talk about the Triumphs of Petrarch 'as one having authority,' may safely refer to this book, and quote or argue, upon the strength of it without fear of committing any palpable blunder.

The poem, or rather series of little poems, to which this title is given, consists, according to the bad taste of the times,

of a long, dry, tedious allegory interspersed most richly with classical allusions, with the names of Jupiter and Juno, Venus, Cupid, and Diana, Achilles, Hector and Priam, Epaminondas and Alexander, Cæsar, Brutus, and Pompey. To estimate the merits of the original we must carry back our imaginations to the era in which it was composed. The world was then emerging from the thick darkness of the middle ages. Learning, which had been long confined to one or two solitary cells in some few of the convents of Europe, began to be generally felt and esteemed, and the most common fabulous historical relations of Greece and Rome, such as dignify the pages of Lempriere and Ainsworth, possessed, at that time, the charm of novelty. The Troubadours were then the standards of taste and eloquence throughout Europe. They had long dealt in allegory; and, from their examples, the courts of rich noblemen and sovereign princes instituted the diversions of shews and pageants by which the impressions of the poetry so much in fashion were only conveyed in a more lively manner to the senses.

The Italian writers soon gave a new turn to the prevailing taste, by substituting truth and simplicity to allegory, and the real graces of sentiment and language to affectation and puerility. It was much longer, in other countries, before the pupils of the Troubadours were able to shake off the trammels of their teachers; the change was, every-where, accomplished only by degrees. Petrarch, who became the father of a very extensive class of modern poetry by his sonnets and canzoni, relapsed into all the vices of the age when he descended to the composition of his *Trionfi*. They appear to have been written in the decline of life, when the ardour of his early genius had completely evaporated, when he began to look upon past follies with the severity of remorse, and thought the only atonement for the publication of his errors was to recant them in the strains of cold morality. But they possessed one merit, at least, which it is not possible to transmute into any translation, and the only merit, probably, which has ensured to them the fame and credit they enjoy: the purity of Petrarch's language, the highest commendation of his youthful performances, had not abandoned him in his old age; and therefore, at a period when the Italian tongue was yet in a rude and fluctuating state, the *Trionfi* might lay claim to a value which we are now no longer able duly to appreciate.

The introduction prefixed by Mr. Boyd to the present volume contains some account of a most singular institution which was known in France under the name of 'The courts of love.' This account, though interspersed with some curious particulars, is not detailed in a very interesting manner, and

does not seem immediately called for by the occasion. The original rules and orders of chivalry introduced a kind of heroic love into the character of the times, of which it soon made the most essential part; but the natural propensity of mankind did not suffer the most violent of passions to remain long subject to the regulations of romantic purity; the noblest knights and proudest ladies gradually fell off from their high pretensions, and the compositions of minstrels and Troubadours, (a race of idle wanderers, devoted to pleasure,) conspired to dissolve the short-lived phantom of ideal honour. Then it was that the first doctrines of chivalry, being perverted, served to complete the universal seduction; and, probably, the state of manners throughout Europe, but especially in France, was never more corrupt and debauched than in the age of Petrarch.

It is now time to give some account of the poem; but after we have said that the whole is one continued allegorical vision which the poet supposes himself to have witnessed, beginning with a pageant of *Love* in his car attended by crowds of celebrated followers of all descriptions and all ages and nations, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Italians, of whom very little more than the names are given through a tedious string of 1000 lines and upwards; that it then proceeds to the triumph of *Chastity*, another pageant, introduced by the name of Laura, thence to the more gloomy picture of *Death* and his train; where the fair opportunity given the poet for pathetic and beautiful description is used to very little advantage by himself, and to much less by his translator; and that we are lastly hurried through *time* into *eternity*, with quite enough of metaphysical reasoning, but none at all of poetical imagery, having first been carried to the temple of *Fame* through crowds of devotees as classically dull as those who thronged the procession of *Love*; after we have given this summary of what is to be expected, we shall very readily be excused for giving only one extract as a specimen of the execution. We will select it from, what at least ought to be the most interesting passage in the book, the description of Laura's death.

' Yet why the anguish of that day recall? —
 Friendly Oblivion! spread thy thickest pall
 O'er my past woes, that words can ill display,
 For prose too mournful, or the Muses' lay! —
 "Ethereal purity from earth is fled,
 Beauty and worth are number'd with the dead;"
 So mourn'd the drooping dames about the funeral bed.

"How is the light eclips'd which Heaven supplied,
 Too soon recall'd! what beacon now shall guide
 Our dubious steps on that unbeaten road,
 Where her pure lamp, with light transcendant, show'd
 What fine gradations lead the female train,
 Like saints to live, and join their blissful rears
 That heavenly voice no more shall charm our
 With strains that seem'd the music of the spheres."
 The fatal moment came at last that show'd
 The VIRTUES, soaring from their pale abode
 In one bright orb, that o'er the welkin drew
 A track of glory where the spirit flew.
 No meddling friend that haunts the parting soul
 Dar'd on that couch his baleful eyes to roll,
 Or his tremendous features there disclose
 Till languid Nature sought her last repose,
 And Death his task perform'd; but now at last,
 When they beheld the vital struggle past,
 When trembling Hope was frozen to Despair,
 All fix'd their eyes upon that heavenly air
 That still her face adorn'd; the lamp of life
 Seem'd not to yield with long reluctant strife,
 But, with a lambent self-consuming fire,
 By slow gradations gently to expire,
 Of nutriment depriv'd; no mark was seen
 By pain impress'd on her seraphic mien;
 No earthy hue her pallid cheek display'd;
 But the pure snow, that, when the winds are laid,
 Clothes the long Appenines with shining vest,
 Seem'd on the relics of the saint to rest.
 Like one recumbent from her toils she lay;
 Losing in sleep the labours of the day:
 And from her parting soul an heavenly trace
 Seem'd yet to play upon her lifeless face,
 Where Death enamour'd sate, and smil'd with angel grace. }

We will criticise no further on this passage than by observ-
 ing that the concluding lines do not at all answer the tender
 simplicity of

'Quasi un dolce dormir ne' suoi begli occhi
 Sento lo spirto già da lei diviso,
 Era quel che morir chiaman gli sciocchi.
 Morte bella pareva nel suo bel viso.'

ART. VII.—*Public Characters of 1807.* 8vo. pp. 551.
10s. 6d. Phillips.

IF we were to lend a favourable ear to this bookseller's eulogium of British worthies, we might safely regard ourselves as elevated to no common pitch of national grandeur and distinction. We might repose in quiet in the security of our houses when we reflected on the able generals, the sagacious statesmen, and the disinterested patriots who direct our public affairs. We might conclude ourselves to have arrived at a second age of gold from which vice had fled, and where talents and reason alone bore the sway. What a melancholy satire *u* on the truth! We might indeed in Christian charity believe the writers of this performance to be deep dealers in irony, to be men of that quizzical disposition of which the very solemnity is suspicious. The courts of law might intertere with direct censures of private characters, but this profound irony can be reached by no authority but that of criticism. There is a mixture however in this compilation. It is true that we see no blame attached to the conduct of any person; but where praise is always bestowed it must sometimes be just, like the children's watches, which are sure to be right once in the twelve hours. Yet we should guess that this benevolent plan has not met the universal approbation of the world. A contemptuous notice is bestowed in the preface on the maledictions of some critics, who are said to appear eager to detract from those literary labours of which they never can become the subjects. Unhappy men! to be precluded for ever from the delights of this honourable exhibition. Yet we would seriously advise the editors of the publication before us to be cautious of such threats. It must have bad effects if it were generally understood that abuse of the *Public Characters* would procure an exclusion from its praises and its notice. It is impossible to say how many enemies might be fostered by the idea, and how many modest men would prefer obscurity and silence to a trumpeting of the circumstances of their private lives, sometimes at least without attention to accuracy, and almost always we believe without consent of the parties.

One objection which has been made to the former volumes of this work, though in our mind with no very just foundation, has been that the characters described were not of sufficient celebrity. But upon an impartial review we cannot but acknowledge that excepting in a very few instances the public must necessarily have been interested in a well-written account of the personages whose lives have appeared in the *Public Characters*. At all events there certainly is not one of

the specimens of biography in the present volume of which the subject was not for one reason or other of considerable previous notoriety. There have now been presented to the world nine volumes of this contemporaneous and imperfect biography. Almost yearly the number of lives has diminished, and having begun at seventy-one has now dwindled to twenty-four; though whether this is to be regarded as a proof of increased skill in the art of dilatation and extract, or as an evidence of the poverty of public virtue, we pretend not to determine without farther enquiry.

At the head of the list appears Mr. Whitbread, introduced by the following extraordinary quotation from Sir William Jones.

Since all must life resign
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steel inglorious to its silent grave.

A biographical account of General Wolfe could not have been introduced with more military pomp; and we venture to suggest to the author how many poetical allusions might have been found infinitely more happily adapted to the life of Mr. Whitbread.

Immediately after this poetical introduction we have a discussion upon the merits of the present age and the demerits of the feudal times; and the causes are detailed which led to the downfall of the ancient barons and the rise of the yeomanry of England. This flourish being completed, we at last arrive at the father of Mr. Whitbread, who by diligence and patience laid the foundation of an ample fortune, and reared that immense brewing manufactory in Chiswell Street, of which the value together with that of the stock is here asserted to exceed the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Having obtained wealth, his next object of ambition was to ally himself to rank, which he effected by marrying a daughter of Lord Cornwallis. The present member for Bedford was the fruit of this union, and was born in the year 1758. He was liberally educated by his father, and travelled through some of the more interesting parts of Europe, conducted by Mr. Cox, the author of some most excellent 'travels.'

The public life of Mr. Whitbread is better known than his private: he became a member of the House of Commons at an early period, and has steadily supported during his whole career the cause of the whigs, and the best interests of his country; but his chief celebrity is derived from the active part which he took against Lord Melville. The editor of this work however has resolved to omit none of Mr. Whitbread's merits,

and has copied at full length from Debrett's Parliamentary Debates as many of this gentleman's speeches as fill the important number of sixty-seven pages, including extracts from the journal of the House of Commons. When to this we add a considerable quantity of other matter which has no immediate relation to the biography of Mr. Whitbread, such as conjectures upon the origin of brewing, the introduction of hops, and the quantity of porter annually sold by the great houses in London, we may guess how much of an hundred pages which the life occupies, is really devoted to the subject which is professed to be discussed.

Mr. Hobhouse is next produced to the public, and the account of his life prefaced by a childish philippic against the great and the wise. Where, says the author, is the biographer to find an honest man? Not, answers he to his own question, not in the palace of the king, not in the tent of the warrior, not in the porch of the philosopher. Perhaps, Mr. Author, not even in Grub Street. How desperate the times when honest men are so scarce! We marvel whether our author ever saw an honest man, or whether he would know one if he should happen to meet him. We hope at least that he need not say like Shylock in the play, 'What has de honest man to do in my closet?' From such an introduction our judicious readers may infer that Mr. Hobhouse is a man of this honourable description, in a word that he is, in the language of the poet, the noblest work of God. From a flourish about 'race and ancestors and other things which we have not made ourselves,' it is, we presume, to be inferred that Mr. Hobhouse has no great ancestry to boast of. He was educated, like most other boys, at school, and from school went to college, where his most remarkable achievement was becoming acquainted with Lord Sidmouth. From college he passed to the Temple, where having a habit of forming intimacies he insinuated himself into some degree of friendship with Mr. Pitt. Ill health prevented him from pursuing his legal studies, and he proceeded to travel on the continent. Of these travels he wrote an account, from which six pages are extracted as a due testimony of respect, and we must confess that the extract is much more interesting than the life. Mr. Hobhouse wrote besides various pamphlets, all on the side of liberality and public freedom, and about eleven years ago became a member of parliament. He supported the Whig party in general, though he rather aimed at the character of an independent man. His coalition with Mr. Addington and his subsequent political conduct are so recent as to be generally known.

Lord Redesdale is the next subject of biography, and the account of that noble personage is introduced by a disser-

tation upon the origin of nobility; the account itself is no better than an eulogium interspersed with a few dates. To support the consistency of Mr. Pitt's friends with regard to Catholic measures, must always be a difficult undertaking. But to prove the consistency of Lord Redesdale must be as impossible as to believe in the liberality of his opinions.

Next appears Mrs. Charles Kemble, formerly Miss De Camp, and well known by her pleasing performances on the theatrical boards. This lady is not so unworthy of a place next a chancellor as may at first sight appear. We learn here that her family is entitled to the name of De Fleury, and we have a story related of a private marriage of a member of that illustrious French house with a simple country girl, from which union sprang the father of Mrs. Kemble. It is represented that this girl was wrought upon after the death of her husband by his proud father to drop his name. This is called 'insufferable pride,' though it is certain that such marriages would in any country be annulled if the noblesse had it in their power. A just provision for the offspring ought undoubtedly to be made. But when we soberly consider the prejudices of high birth in the greater part of Europe, we shall not be so eager to condemn to infamy the attempt of a noble of illustrious rank to preserve untainted the purity of his blood. Mrs. Kemble's father being disappointed of becoming a French peer, exerted his talents as a musician at first with considerable success. He was tempted however to try the golden land of England, where he experienced a total failure. Mrs. Kemble appeared on the stage while yet a mere child, and has enjoyed a constant flow of prosperity, the emoluments from which she put to the worthiest uses in maintaining her parents and family. There is nothing further in the adventures of this actress which is not perfectly well known to the public.

To this lady the agricultural Lord Sommerville follows, the account of whose life treats more of cows and sheep than of men. The author at the close of it very candidly states that many rational objections have been made to contemporary biography. These however, according to him, are plainly confuted by the sale of this work, the only mark of public approbation which we have heard that it has ever met with. Of Lord Barham's life, which is next in order, we have little to remark. In the following article, the author seems to have been more diligent or more successful than usual, in procuring materials for his account of Lord Elgin. We learn that that nobleman went to school in blue worsted stockings, and repaired afterwards to college at St. Andrews, which we are informed in flowery language is situated on the shores of that noble estuary the Moray Frith. If this be so, that emporium of

degrees must have taken a considerable jump to the north since we last visited that quarter of the world. In our time it used to be in Fifeshire, but we suppose our author, like Moliere's Sganarelle, when his patient started some doubts about the position of the human heart upon the right side, is ready with his reply *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

Bishop Stock and Mark Sprott occupy the next place, and are followed by Lord Collingwood and the American Monroe, respecting none of whom do we find it necessary to make any remarks. In many parts of this work there is an evenness which renders observation difficult. Great beauties excite our admiration: conspicuous faults or errors ought not to escape our censure; but there is a middle course, which without calling forth disapprobation can never become the subject of eulogium.

The life of the Reverend Mr. Wyvill affording few incidents upon which it was possible to dilate, is conveniently augmented by nearly twelve pages of extracts and lists. That gentleman was formerly well known as the chairman of the committee of association for parliamentary reform of the county of York. We are in this nation subject to periodical attacks or ebullitions of public feeling. The subjects to which these feelings have generally been directed have been religion and liberty, and the period is about twenty years, more or less. Of late parliamentary reform has frequently excited the wishes and the hopes of the people, though it seems now to be abandoned in despair. Some see the corruption of their country, and lose hope; some recollect the madness of the French attempts at reformation, and shudder; while a third and more powerful party, enjoying the advantages of the present system, foment the differences of opinion among their opponents and wallow in the public spoils. According to some, there is never a proper time for amendment: If we are peaceful and prosperous, we should be content. If we are at war and in debt, we ought not to distract the attention of government. All free states have had and must have parties; and the experience of ages has demonstrated that a free people can make efforts infinitely exceeding those possible by an equal number of men under despotic government. When England shall be in a state of quiet, when its citizens shall agree not only in the general principles of defending their country, but in the way of doing it and on the men who shall do it; when a dead calm shall replace the noisy waves of popular commotion we are not far from our ruin. Our energy will be gone, and we shall be matched man to man with our enemies. It is to us astonishing that the proposals of Mr. Wyvill and his friends for a temperate change in the representation of the House of Commons have so long remained

forgotten and dormant. As usual, these extracts are much better than the life itself; and we think it impossible to read the plausible and moderate scheme of increasing the popular influence in parliament without regretting the difficulty of putting it into execution.

Sir John Duckworth, with the help of twelve pages of extract and lists, fills a respectable quantity of paper, and is considerably more eulogized by the author than we should suppose he is likely to be in future. The lives of Mr. Livingstone the American, Mr. Sergeant Hill, Sir Edward Pellew and his brother present nothing to us worthy of particular notice. Mr. Home the writer of the tragedy of Douglas next appears, and is styled on account of his great age the Nestor of letters. The term Methusaleh, however, might have been equally appropriate. Nestor had some other qualities fully as remarkable as age. Mr. Home was a Scotch minister, and was most illiberally and absurdly obliged to quit his living upon being guilty of the heinous crime of writing a tragedy, which in the eyes of the presbyterians of these times was an unpardonable sin. This piece was called Douglas, and certainly possessed very great merit. It has been an object of some speculation to understand how Mr. Home who, could write such a play, never produced afterwards any thing at all tolerable. We have never heard a satisfactory account of this matter. Some have said that Mr. Home met with an accident, a blow upon his head, from the effects of which he never fully recovered; others have less candidly insinuated that, like Sir Richard Blackmore, Mr. Home was indebted to the assistance of the members of a club which held its meetings in Edinburgh. The abilities of the individuals composing the association will hardly need more illustration than a mere mention of names. They were among others, Dr. Blair the author of sermons, Dr. Robertson the historian, Dr. Ferguson the moral philosopher, the late Earl of Rosslyn, then Alexander Wedderburne, and lastly David Hume. We learn in this work that an English prelate has been imprudent enough to style Mr. Hume the 'puny dialectician of the north,' an expression which must be confessed to betray more spite than judgment. To despise our enemies has not been in general found the best means of conquering them.

The next article is the Life of Admiral Schank the inventor of sliding keels, which piece of biography, by the help of about ten pages of extract, is protracted to a decent length, though there appears great ignorance of the particulars of that officer's transactions further than as they may be gathered from the gazette. From this observation we must except the concluding sentences, where we learn that he 'was lately

couched for the cataract, from which we trust he will derive the most beneficial effects.' Sir Robert Wilson follows the gallant admiral, and affords from his publications nearly eleven pages of entertaining extract. The attention of men has been so much excited by the assertions of this officer that the circumstances of his military course are generally well-known.

The unfortunate Sir Robert Calder is next introduced, the letters, list of ships, and proceedings of the court martial of whom fill thirteen pages. There is nothing very worthy of notice in this biographical sketch. The sentence of the court martial, however, which is here given at full length, will probably for a long period excite the astonishment of the world, and we should altogether as soon have expected to have heard of a deputation of the college of physicians being sent to St. Luke's to reprimand the mad people, as of a British court reproving an officer for an *error of judgment*. If it were not the most absurd we would call it the most scandalous of decisions. The people of this country have been intoxicated with naval successes arising out of the peculiar circumstances of Europe, and the time may come when they will contemplate in a different light an admiral who beats a greatly superior force of the enemy, and captures two of their largest vessels. We are surprised that no attempt has been made to revise this sentence, or to make some compensation to the wounded feelings of this gallant officer.

The lives of Sir William Scott and of Mr. Courtenay conclude the volume: of these the one is aided by twenty-two and the other by twenty-four pages of extracts. This profusion of quotation is really scandalous, and to call such ill-connected masses of speeches, poetry, and books by the name of biography is entirely to alter the meaning of the word.

We shall now finish our account of this volume, for which it may reasonably be supposed we have no great admiration. In spite of the opinion of the editor, we cannot help regarding contemporaneous biography as a very obnoxious species of writing, even when well executed, and altogether execrable when the reverse. We are unfortunately in the present instance reduced to the necessity of disapproving of every part of the book. We do not believe that the lives were written with the consent of the parties, and we are almost certain that both plan and execution are greatly below mediocrity. We do not mean however to deny that the work may afford amusement to the idle and the inquisitive. But in this respect it has no higher claims than the most wretched magazine, or the least authentic compilation.

ART. VIII.—*Travels in the Year 1807 from Italy to England, through the Tyrol, Syria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland and Livonia; containing the Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the Hands of the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through the Countries above mentioned. Effected and written by the Marquis de Salvo, Member of the Academy of Sciences and Literature of Turin, &c. 12mo. 11s. boards. Phillips. 1807.*

MRS. Spencer Smith is the daughter of Baron Herbert, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, formerly our ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and brother of the gallant and celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, who first successfully opposed the projects of Buonaparte. That little minded hero, it appears, has never forgot or forgiven the resistance which he met with at Acre, and has so far lessened himself in our estimation and in that of posterity as to persecute with the meanest and most female spite those members of the private family of his opponent who fell within his power. Mrs. Smith from delicacy of constitution had chosen the warm climate of Venice for her residence, while that city was yet under the domination of the Austrian monarch. When the French troops took possession of it, she applied to general Lauriston for permission to remain, and in reply was not only assured of her personal safety and freedom from arrest, but furnished with a passport to enable her to quit Venice when she pleased. The Marquis De Salvo had become acquainted with Mrs. Smith about this period, and was in the habit of daily intercourse with her family. She, encouraged by the representations of the French commandant, continued to reside in Venice, till on the 10th April she was ordered to appear before the police, was declared to be under arrest, and on demanding the reason for which she was thus treated, was answered 'your country and your name.' All representations of the injustice, the dishonour, the breach of faith, the mean persecution of a woman and two children were, as might be well expected, in vain. A soldier was sent to reside in her apartments as a guard over her person, and though she was told that she was to be sent to Padua, under the futile pretence of preventing her giving any intelligence to the enemy, she was well informed that the real place of her imprisonment would be Valenciennes.

'The most infamous assassin or traitor,' proceeds our author, 'could not have been more rigidly watched or surrounded by stricter guards than was this unhappy lady. If she had conspired against the French government it would have been impossible to persecute her with more acrimony; considering her distressed situation, borne down as she was by an illness that menaced her life. The confidence

which she had placed in the enemy's promise of security was her only fault; no stain of culpability appeared even to the French, except her connexion with a name synonymous of patriotic attachment. This proceeding could not fail to rouse the feelings of every person however disinterested, and inspire horror at seeing such treatment offered to a young and delicate female. When we reflect on the commiseration arising at the sight of even the guilty when brought to punishment, what must our sentiments be on beholding the innocent and helpless victim dragged to the altar of revenge! We should surely endeavour to snatch it from its persecutors.

'I now for the first time found myself agitated by a tumult of the most vehement feelings, affecting my soul far beyond the usual sentiments of sorrow and compassion. My imagination at times was inflamed in a degree that gave me the keenest anguish; and I shrunk with horror at the condition of a lady who, far from her husband, her mother, and her other friends, was left destitute of even a hope of relief. A desire of rendering myself serviceable to her filled my bosom.'

These sentiments did not remain inactive in the breast of this Italian enthusiast; he considered himself as bound to assist every individual of the nation which protected his sovereign on his throne, and especially called upon to show every token of acknowledgment to the family of Sir Sidney Smith, who had exerted his transcendent courage and genius in the defence of the king and country of Naples. Moved by these considerations, he determined to rescue Mrs. Spencer Smith, and communicated to her his gallant resolution. She with an amiable generosity represented to him the difficulties and the dangers to which he would expose himself, and attempted to dissuade him from the desperate undertaking. But he persisted in his project, and commenced its execution by removing the two children of Mrs. Smith to Gratz in the Austrian territory, where their aunt resided. He next obtained permission to accompany the fair prisoner as far as Milan; upon the plausible pretence of saving her from the society of *gens d'armes*. We have a very interesting account of the journey, and of the various schemes which the marquis formed for escaping at various places. It is in the detail of minute circumstances that the interest of stories depends, and such a detail it is impossible for us here to give; but the reader will not be disappointed of amusement in the perusal of the original. It was at Brescia that Mrs. Smith's deliverance was effected, with considerable address on the part of the marquis. Brescia is near the frontiers of Italy, and afforded the readiest means of escape. In spite of the vigilance of her guards Mrs. Smith, by means of a rope ladder and a male dress, was relieved from durance, and departed in the night time for the Tyrol, along with the marquis, who had procured passports and a vehicle of conveyance. The variety of little

obstructions which were surmounted by the ingenuity of our adventurer add greatly to the interest of the narrative. At last they reached the Bavarian territory, though without yet feeling themselves safe from the danger of apprehension. The delight however with which they surveyed the rural objects round them contrasted with the gloom of their former situation is naturally and forcibly expressed ; they might have said, as it is beautifully expressed by our poet,

The common air, the earth, the skies
To them were opening paradise.

But their rejoicings began too soon, and their dangers and troubles were not yet concluded. They had the misfortune to be mistaken for a fugitive pair from Tyrol, against whom the vigilance of the police was directed, and after various unsuccessful attempts at escape, they were apprehended and imprisoned, and were not released without considerable delay and undergoing great hardships and vexations. The marquis vents his rage upon the petty officers of the law, who, as they usually do in all countries, proved, at Saltzburg, the scene of their confinement, true Jacks in office. But as he and Mrs. Smith carefully concealed their real names, and appeared solicitous to fly from notice, it was impossible that he could have met with all that civility and protection, of the want of which he so bitterly complains.

At last the vain terrors of a despotic police were allayed. Mrs. Smith first, and soon after the Marquis de Salvo was permitted to proceed on the journey, with injunctions however to quit the Austrian states with as little delay as possible, and to travel under fictitious names.

These orders came from Vienna, where the government had probably learned the flight of Mrs. Smith, and the circumstances attending it, and were no doubt equally unwilling, upon so trifling an occasion to embroil themselves with the French emperor, or to offend their English allies. Our travellers accordingly proceeded to Prague, where the marquis left Mrs. Smith to repair to Gratz, from which place he conducted the sister and the children of his fair companion. It is not very often that we meet in this work with observations on the manners of the people, or the appearance of the countries. Having on the present occasion, however, more leisure than usual, the marquis indulges us with many profound remarks, expressed in terms of great oratorical magnificence. At one place 'the eye is prevented from enjoying a spacious horizon' by certain malicious steep mountains. Notwithstanding this contraction of the view, however, the marquis was able to distinguish a very singular personage upon the

summit of the said hills, for there 'Nature, a mighty hermit, sat formidably in savage and wild appearance.' At last the reader makes his escape from the regions of sublime metaphor by the fortunate accident of 'sleep enveloping the senses' of our traveller.

Mrs. Smith being joined with her family at Prague proceeded on her journey through Vienna towards Poland, though that lady was separated from her children by the caution of the government, who betrayed in this weak anxiety for concealment their knowledge of the vehemence, and their dread of the power of Buonaparte. In passing through Cracow the marquis enters and descends the salt mines, and details in flowery language his feelings at the sight of the magnificent horrors of the scene. The state of Poland in general is, if we believe the accounts here given, very wretched. Immense tracts of the finest land are quite deserted and the population miserably scanty. It appears that the emancipation of the peasantry in the Austrian share of Poland has not yet produced the desired and expected salutary effects. Nay, it is said that the emperor has found it expedient to establish a line of troops along his new frontiers, for the purpose of retaining in their country the Poles, who tired of freedom emigrated in search of a master to buy them. Even admitting the fact however, it is not impossible that bad consequences may have arisen from the sudden operations of a measure wise in the main. It is at all times dangerous to change even for the better the channels in which industry has been accustomed to flow, and a temporary stagnation of the sources of employment may be ultimately succeeded by a purer, a deeper, and a more constant stream.

Our travellers now entering the confines of Russia, reassumed their proper names, and were no longer subjected to restraint; the Russian Poles shewed them the greatest hospitality and kindness; it is amusing to hear of their complaints of being now subjected to the uncultivated and barbarous Russians. Our author displays throughout his work a great inveteracy to Jews. Of course he had ample opportunity of showing his dislike during his residence in Poland, where the individuals of that nation amount to three millions, very nearly one half of the entire population. Yet there is some mention made in this work of an absurd scheme of the Russians to banish this immense body of people from their territories, as if deserts were not yet worse than Jews. In effect all barbarous nations have hated and persecuted that singular race, imagining their dislike to be pointed only against the odious qualities of avarice and injustice. The candid observer, however, will be more apt to attribute to them the less justifiable motives of

envy at the success of that course of frugality and industry which they themselves have not the vigour steadily to pursue, and of which they wish to enjoy the fruits without submitting to the hardships and privations. The marquis, however, joins with the Russians in their detestation of Israelites, and presents us with the following strictures on the late proceedings of Buonaparte towards that nation of wanderers.

'The French,' says he, 'might have spared themselves the trouble of honouring the Jews with their sanhedrim of Paris: circumcision itself would not induce them to perform any thing important in favour of France. The Jews, as I have already observed, are selfish and timid, and incapable of acting vigorously on any occasion. Have they been ever known in the wars of Poland or in those of the rest of Europe to have taken any side with energy or courage?'

Having at length exhausted all his stock of remarks, the Marquis de Salvo conducts us to Riga with his fair charge. From this port they proceeded by sea to England, and after a favourable voyage he beheld for the first time, to use his own language, 'the happy shores of this powerful and wealthy island.' The escape of Mrs. Smith is thus concluded, her safety is assured, and without further warning she and her knight-errant vanish from our sight. We have upon the whole been so well amused that we regret to part with the companions of our journey. The story certainly is extremely interesting, and the marquis carries us along with him by the enthusiasm which he himself displays.

The language, however, is often too elevated and adorned for the chaste simplicity of truth, and we cannot but observe that his heart seems to be better than his taste. The rescue of Mrs. Smith was a gallant and spirited action, and deserves the highest commendation. But when we have praised the interest of the story and the motives of the chief actor in it, we have done all that we can reasonably venture. The marquis shows no conspicuous talent for observation. His travels are good as a story, but not as a book of reference. All that he has said of the state of the countries through which he passed, might have been omitted without any great loss to his reputation as a writer, or to the instruction and amusement of his readers.

ART. IX.—*Memorial of the Lords of Session, and Report from the Committee of the Faculty of Advocates on the Bill for better regulating the Courts of Session in Scotland.*
2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

ART. X.—*Expediency of Reform in the Court of Session in Scotland proved in two learned Pamphlets, published in the Years 1786 and 1789, and now reprinted to illustrate the Necessity of the Bill for better regulating the Courts of Justice in Scotland.* 2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

ART. XI.—*Considerations concerning a Proposal for dividing the Court of Session into Classes or Chambers; and for limiting Litigation in small Causes, and for the Revival of Jury-trial in certain civil Actions.* 4s. Ridgway. 1807.

THE tedious and expensive mode of administering justice in the courts of session in Scotland has for many years been a subject of complaint and a proper object of reform. The evil has long been poignantly felt, clearly seen and generally deplored, but no administration till the last, had either the courage or the virtue to apply a remedy. That administration had not been long in office before Lord Grenville introduced 'a bill for the better regulating of the courts of justice in Scotland.' That bill had been widely circulated in Scotland, previous to the ill-advised dissolution of the last virtuous parliament, and the measure had been generally approved; but the dismissal of the late ministry will probably prevent the execution; or at least cause the bill itself to be so modified as to be rendered almost totally unfit to answer the purpose for which it was designed. The lords of session themselves seem to be generally inimical to the reform which is proposed; but this was to be expected from the habits and the prejudices to which that learned body seem as much subject as more ordinary men. But the faculty of advocates have expressed their decided approbation of the bill, and in conjunction with the learned author of the 'Considerations &c.' have forcibly demonstrated its necessity and evinced its usefulness.

The court of session in Scotland, which is composed of fifteen judges, who in fact constitute only one tribunal, has for many years been growing more and more inadequate to manage the increasing legal business of the country. The general poverty of the country previous to the union neither left many causes for dispute, nor encouraged the spirit of judicial litigation; but the great and extensive commerce which at present fortunately prevails in that part of the empire, has multiplied the relations of society, and increased both the power of contention and the causes of dispute. This has been sensibly felt and seriously deplored; for the legal business of the country has fallen into an arrear beyond what the utmost diligence of the court, as it is at present constituted, ever can discharge. The plan therefore which

Lord Grenville proposed for the cure of the evil, was not, as the enemies of his administration have asserted, a wanton innovation; but a measure imperiously demanded by the force of circumstances, highly expedient, deliberately contrived, wisely combined, and likely to be extensively beneficial.

The number of judges in the court of session, as it is at present established, tends rather to impede than to facilitate the business of the court. Of any tribunal which consists of fifteen judges, many will be absolutely supernumeraries; the whole business of the court will probably be executed by a few, and the presence of the rest will only produce perplexity and confusion. Of a tribunal thus constituted it is probable that no small proportion will be appointed more from political bias, or interested considerations, than from a conviction of their intellectual attainments and legal qualification for the office. We do not assert that this has been the case in the judicial appointments in the court of session, but, if it have not, the effect must be ascribed more to certain fortunate contingencies, than to the nature and form of the institution. It was one of the designs of Lord Grenville's bill to divide the court of session, into three chambers, of five judges each, to sit on alternate days. This division of the court would enable it to execute a much greater quantity of business than it does at present; and with much less trouble and inconvenience to each of the members.

But the most important alteration which is proposed to be made in the system of Scotch judicature by Lord Grenville's bill, is the introduction of the trial by jury in civil cases. The trial by jury in civil cases formerly prevailed in Scotland. James Vth of that kingdom, more than 250 years ago, copied from the French courts the method of taking evidence by inquest and reducing it to writing. This part therefore of Lord Grenville's bill, which enacts the trial by jury in civil cases, is not the introduction of a new law, but the restoration of an old. So many inconveniences are inseparably attached to the present mode of proceeding in civil cases in Scotland, that they alone would furnish an irresistible argument in favour of the bill. The evidence on which the judges form their decisions in such cases is not oral, but written. The witnesses are examined not before the court, but by one or two commissioners appointed for the purpose; and it cannot be expected but that their report must often be erroneous, hasty, and imperfect. But, what is of most importance, is that the judges who must be determined by the evidence, can form no rational estimate of its credibility from the ocular inspection of the witnesses, from the observation of their manner and appearance, of their embarrass-

ments, equivocations, ambiguities, reservations, and those fleeting but almost certain distinctive marks of truth and falsehood, of sincerity and imposition, which are visible in the manner, the look, the tone of voice, and other circumstances, which will not elude a person of penetration and experience. But this important requisite in a judicial process, in which truth is to be separated from falsehood, and plain dealing from deception, not only by broad shades of difference but by nice lines of discrimination, not only by glaring discordances but by minute and attenuated variations, must be entirely lost where the testimony is not accompanied with the presence of the witnesses. The delay and expense of a trial at law in England have often been matter of serious complaint, but that delay and that expense will be found slight indeed when compared with the time and the money which a similar action would require beyond the Tweed. A cause which an English jury would decide in a few hours, would, according to the common mode of judicial procedure in Scotland, occupy as many months. This principally arises from employing written examinations, instead of bringing the witnesses directly before the court. When a witness is before the court, any material question which may occur with respect to the point in dispute may be asked in a moment; but if that question and the answer should have been omitted in the written pleadings, the cause must remain undecided till another examination of the parties has been taken and the report on it received. We shall illustrate by example the slowness of the judicial proceedings in the court of session, as it is at present constituted, and contrast it with the dispatch which is practised in England, in a case of equal intricacy and importance. The learned author of the *Considerations* will furnish both the example and the contrast.

* In a contract made between the occupiers of two neighbouring coal-mines, for the purpose of making an exchange of ten acres of unworked coal, for mutual convenience after one of the parties, whose coal lay much deeper under the surface than the other, had excavated a considerable part of the ground agreed to be exchanged, the other party in the superior coal began to sink a pit, which the first feared would open a passage for the water of the superior coal-mine into the level of his, the inferior one; by which means it was alledged the inferior must either have been drowned, or its engine be burthened with drawing up the whole water coming from the superior coal. In an action at the instance of those interested in the inferior coal, a question arose, first upon the construction of the contract, whether it imported a communication of level? at least as nothing was provided to the contrary, whether the defenders had a right to work to the very edge of their march, without leaving any barrier to stop the communication of the water? and in point of

fact it was disputed, whether previous to the contract there had been an old barrier between the two coal-works? Next whether the pit proposed to be sunk would affect the inferior coal in the manner feared? and whether a communication of level was the necessary consequence of a communication of water? The dispute arose in the year 1781. In March 1782, a proof was allowed to be taken upon commission. In November 1783 the proof commenced, and, though under the direction of a most unexceptionable commissioner, lasted near two weeks. A state of the proof was made up; memorials were written by able counsel; a hearing in presence at the bar followed, and lasted from day to day for near three weeks. An additional proof was found necessary, which was taken in like manner upon commission, and lasted several days; and this was followed by a second hearing in presence of the whole court, which continued from day to day for two weeks; and after all a farther survey and report were found necessary. There had been several plans made before that time, and the proceedings filled about 600 4to. pages of print. The cause still stands undecided. But laying out of the question the time occupied in the preparatory steps, it is past a doubt that the time employed in taking the proof, and hearing counsel upon it, besides the breathing-times between, has not come to less than two months, which, had the cause been tried by a jury, as in England, could not well have exceeded one day's work.

* Let this be contrasted with a case, which happened to be tried in the year 1786 at the autumn assizes at Carlisle. The owners of certain fishings in the river Eden sued certain lessees of inferior fishings upon the same river. Their complaint was, that the defendants had set up certain stells or poles of wood, upon which they fastened nets across the river from side to side, which were also fastened at the bottom by shorter stakes; and that by these means, not only the superior fishings were greatly prejudiced if not totally destroyed, but also the free navigation of the river was stopped; the boats which were employed in passing up and down being often destroyed and sunk by means of the stells. Several questions of law occurred, which were determined by the judge in the course of the trial, viz. questions concerning the nature of the defendant's original right; concerning the nature of navigable rivers; and indeed almost every question that ever occurred in a fishing cause. A full proof was taken in presence of the jury; some of the most able counsel in England were heard at length; the evidence summed up by the judge, and a verdict returned by the jury for the plaintiff. The whole did not last above seven h. o. r. *

As all proofs and proceedings before the court of session must be delivered in writing, or in print, the number of written and printed pages which ought to be perused in the course of the year by each of those lords in the execution of his official duty almost exceeds belief; and certainly imposes a sort of herculean task upon the judge, which it can hardly be expected that our frail humanity should accomplish. It has been computed on a moderate calculation

that the number of written and printed papers, which each of the lords of session has to read, consider and digest in the space of one year, or rather in the six session months, amounts to 24,990 quarto pages. Here then we see ample reason for the wise and patriotic attempt of Lord Gréville to bring the judicial procedure in the court of session into a closer assimilation to the practice of the English bar. We who are so well acquainted with the inestimable benefits of the trial by jury cannot but wonder that it should ever have been relinquished in Scotland for forms of proceeding which were borrowed from the despotic government of France. That mode of judicial procedure must deserve the preference by which justice is administered with most purity, with the least delay and at the smallest expense. Now if we compare the legal proceedings in the English courts with those in the court of session, in either of these particulars, we shall be convinced that the former are entitled to the highest degree of praise. In England both the plaintiff and defendant are usually so well convinced of the fitness of the decision, that an appeal is very rare from the verdicts of the inferior courts to the House of Lords; but, in Scotland, the number of those appeals is continually increasing, and at present they amount to about two hundred. This shows that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the judicial procedure of the courts is more general in that country than in this; and demonstrates the expediency of a closer approximation between the proceedings of the Scotch and the English courts: and when to this we add the infinitely greater expenditure of money and of time which is necessitated by the forms of the Scotch bar, we shall be convinced that the measures of reform which were projected by the late administration were equally wise and salutary, imperiously demanded by the extent of the evil, and judiciously combined to meet the peculiar exigencies of the case.

ART. XII.—*Poems, in two Volumes, By William Wordsworth, Author of Lyrical Ballads.* 12mo. 7s. boards. Longman. 1807.

A SILLY book is a serious evil; but it becomes absolutely insupportable when written by a man of sense. A fool may scribble without giving any great offence to society: his 'Daisies,' 'Cuckoos,' 'green Linnets,' and 'falling Leaves,' are as innocent as the 'lovely creatures' to which they are addressed; but we cannot see real talents and genius squandered away on uses

'So weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,'

as those which Mr. W. selects for the subjects of his muse, without sentiments too lively for indifference, and not quite gentle enough for mere compassion.

We have, at different times, employed ridicule with a view of making this gentleman ashamed of himself, and bringing him back to his senses. But, unfortunately, he is only one of a tribe who keep each other in countenance by mutual applause and flattery, and who having dubbed themselves by the name of poets, imagine they have a right to direct the taste of the nation, and thus, infinitely to their own satisfaction, abuse the good sense and weary out the patience of mankind with their fantastic mummeries. We have now done with laughing, and earnestly entreat Mr. W. (if his feelings are not *too fine* to allow of his holding converse with minds of our gross unsentimental texture) when he takes up this Review, to carry it into his closet with him, banishing himself for a quarter of an hour from the company of Messrs. ——— and ——— and ——— and, if possible, from 'the moods of his own mind' also, and consider seriously the few words we have to say to him.

As the tone of the stomach is injured and at last ruined by the perpetual irritation of strong liquors; as sensual indulgence gradually weakens and confounds, and, in the end, annihilates every finer feeling and nobler power of the soul; and as these causes necessarily and invariably tend to the production of those effects; so, with equal certainty, and equally in the common course of nature, does the unlimited gratification of vicious sensibility pervert the imagination, corrupt the taste, and finally destroy the power of just discrimination and all the natural energy of genius.

Had Mr. Wordsworth set any bounds whatever to the excesses of sentiment, had he given any admission to the suggestions of reason and experience, had he resisted the overweening impulses of vanity, and estimated properly the poor and wretched affectation of singularity, he had that within him which might have insured him a high and distinguished literary reputation. He is gifted by nature with pure and noble feelings, with a mind capable of admiring and enjoying all her charms, and a heart alive to the impressions of benevolence and virtue. He has acquired the command of language and the power of harmony. He possesses a warm imagination, and all the enthusiasm of genuine poetry.

We are not among the number of his injudicious friends and flatterers; yet our memory has often dwelt with delight on his 'Tintern Abbey,' his 'Evening sail to Richmond,' his 'Michael,' and a few more of the pieces contained in his first publication of Lyrical Ballads. Even in our magisterial chair we are not ashamed to confess that he has had the power to

draw 'iron tears' from our stony hearts. We wish that we could say as much of any one of the numerous specimens now before us. But alas! we fear that the mind of Mr. W. has been too long accustomed to the enervating debauchery of taste for us to entertain much hope of his recovery. He must endure self-denial, practise much ungrateful humility, and absent himself from much of that society which is so dear to his vanity; he must wean himself from his vain and fantastic feeding, must

'Dine on sweet thoughts, and sup on sentiment;'

He must undergo a certain term of rigid penance and inward mortification; before he can become what he once promised to be, the poet of the heart: and not the capricious minion of a debasing affectation.

But when the man to whom, in early youth, nature

'Was all in all'—who 'cannot paint
What then he was—the sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to him
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye;'

When that man is found, in his riper years, drivelling to a red-breast in such mock-verses as

'Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?' (P. 16.)

And thus to a common pile-wort,

'Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:

* See Lyrical Ballads.

There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.
 Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower !—I'll make a stir
 Like a great astronomer.' (P. 22.)

And thus to a little baby :

' That way look, my infant, lo !
 What a pretty baby show !
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Wither'd leaves, one, two, and three,
 From the lofty elder-tree !' (P. 50.)

And again :

' 'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet :' (P. 52.)

And thus to his mistress :

' I led my Lucy to the spot, " Look here !"
 Oh ! joy it was for her, and joy for me !' (P. 67.)

And thus to a sky-lark :

' Drunken lark ! thou would'st be loth
 To be such a traveller as I.
 Happy, happy liver !
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both !
 Hearing thee, or else some other,
 As merry a brother,
 I on the earth will go plodding on,
 By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.' (P. 81.)

And thus to Alice Fell,

" And whither are you going, child,
 To night along these lonesome ways ?"
 " To Durham" answer'd she half wild—
 " Then come with me into the chaise." (P. 86.)

and thus to two well-dressed women, by way of greeting :

" What you are stepping westward ?"—" Yea." (P. 14. vol. ii.)

And thus to a butterfly,

‘ Little butterfly ! indeed

I know not if you sleep, or feed.’ (P. (O.)

How can we sufficiently lament the infatuation of self-conceit and our own disappointed hopes !

Is it possible for Mr. W. not to feel that, while he is pouring out his nauseous and nauseating sensibilities to weeds and insects, he debases himself to a level with his own ‘ idiot-boy,’ infinitely below his ‘ pretty Celandine’ and ‘ little butterfly ?’

Above all things we would intreat Mr. W. to spend more time in his library and less in company with the ‘ moods of his own mind.’ If he is not too proud to be taught, he may yet derive instruction and amendment from books ; but, in his present diseased state, he is the very worst companion for himself.

We have said that the present volumes contain no poems which will bear a comparison with the best of his Lyrical Ballads. Yet there are a few, which though not free from affectation would do credit to a poet of less acknowledged abilities. We here and there discover symptoms of reason and judgment, which we gladly hail as a proof that his mind is not yet irrecoverably lost in the vortex of false taste and puerile conceit.

ART. XIII.—*Antiquities of Westminster ; the Old Palace ; St. Stephen's Chapel, (now the House of Commons,) &c. &c. Containing two hundred and forty six Engravings of Topographical Objects, of which one hundred and twenty-two no longer remain. By John Thomas Smith. This Work contains Copies of Manuscripts which throw new and unexpected Light on the antient History of the Arts in England. 4to. Price Six Guineas with coloured Plates. Smith, 31, Castle Street East, Oxford Street.*

IT is highly pleasing to contemplate the state of the arts in a former period, particularly when they are attached to some local charm, or connected with historical circumstances of considerable interest and importance. In the present work we find in the numerous engravings, with which the proprietor has enriched the massy volume, more than ordinary incitements to a vigilant curiosity. Those engravings contain delineations of the most antient vestiges of art, which were preserved without design, and at last discovered

only by accident. The present House of Commons before it was converted to its present use was the favourite chapel of our antient kings; and that building, which was once consecrated to the devotions of the monarch, has since become the surest safeguard for the liberties of the people. By a happy transition, the sanctuary of Romish superstition has been converted into a shrine, where we trust that the genius of civil and religious liberty will never cease to dwell.

In the year 1800, it was deemed expedient to enlarge the present House of Commons, in order to make room for the 100 Irish members, on whom the act of union had conferred a seat in the British parliament. When the wainscoting was taken down for this purpose, the walls were found covered with paintings in oil, many of which were in a high state of preservation. This discovery was immediately communicated to Mr. Smith, by Dr. Charles Gower, one of the able physicians to the Middlesex hospital. Mr. Smith was so much struck with these beautiful specimens of antient art that he solicited and obtained permission to copy them for the purpose of engraving. But as the workmen were already employed in the demolition of the walls, no time was to be lost. The diligence of Mr. Smith, however, overcame the difficulties with which he had to contend. He began his drawings as soon as it was light, but was obliged to desist at nine o'clock every morning, that he might not be in the way of the workmen during the rest of the day. Nothing but the most active perseverance could have enabled Mr. Smith to accomplish his design; for the workmen followed so close upon his steps, that what he had copied in the morning was usually demolished before night. Six weeks, without any intermission, were devoted by Mr. Smith to this undertaking; for he did not merely delineate the outline of the subjects, whether on the stone or on the glass, but actually matched the colours on the spot; so that his drawings may be regarded as accurate fac-similes of the original designs. The engravings themselves are highly finished; and those, which are coloured, are not merely daubed over with paint, but tinted with delicacy and care. The reader will be convinced of this who will be at the pains to inspect the three plates which contain specimens of painted glass. In these plates the skill of the artist is shewn in a high degree of excellence; and the imitation has been so dexterously managed that the pages on which these specimens are exhibited, appear, at a short distance from the eye, to be covered with fragments of the original glass. These plates are the more curious because they exhibit every colour which is known in the practice of staining glass. Between pages 254-5 we find two plates

which contain the grotesque paintings, that were found in St. Stephen's chapel, and served as supporters to the different coats of arms which adorned the frieze. A close resemblance may be discovered between some of these monstrous combinations and the figures which were employed in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Between pages 242-3, we are presented with two plates which contain specimens of sculpture; these are very tasty and beautiful, and give us a high idea of the sumptuousness and variety of the ornaments with which the chapel of St. Stephen's was formerly enriched. The foliage which twines round some of the columns, appears to vie in beauty with the decorations of the Corinthian capital. Among the specimens of the Gothic frieze we discover many which no Grecian artist would have blushed to own. Opposite page 251 is a beautiful etching of that part of the Cotton garden, to which the fragments of stone, which were taken from the House of Commons in 1800, were afterwards conveyed. In this piece the light is judiciously reflected from the heaps of sculptured ruins that lie in confusion on the ground.

The present House of Commons formerly constituted part of the palace of Westminster, the most antient residence of the English kings. Here Stow says, that Edward the Confessor lived and died. William the Conqueror made many additions to the royal edifice, and it is well known that his successor built the magnificent and spacious room, which now goes by the name of Westminster Hall. This noble pile of building, besides the small space which is allotted for the courts of law, was originally used for great feasts and entertainments, and for holding the legislative assembly of the nation. For, till the time of Edward the Third, the Lords and Commons constituted only one house, when a separation took place between them, owing probably more to some idea of present expediency or convenience at the time, than to any depth of political wisdom or sagacity. But those measures which seem fortuitous, which are rather the sudden product of some fugitive feeling or present circumstances, than of mature reflection and deliberate contrivance, are often found to exceed in utility and permanence, the long digested combinations of philosophical speculation. Thus even the apparent caprice of accident seems often to mock the wisdom of humanity. We consider the division of the legislature into two houses to constitute a prominent excellence in the form of the British constitution. After their separation from the lords, the house of commons used to sit in the chapter-house, belonging to the abbey of Westminster, till the period of the reformation, when the chapel of St. Stephen was al-

lotted for the purpose. At that period the rich specimens of painting and sculpture with which the chapel was adorned, were probably held in little estimation from their connexion with the Romish superstition, which had become the object of furious abhorrence. When therefore the sanctuary of devotion was converted into the present House of Commons, the exuberant decorations on the windows and the walls, were probably defaced or obscured without any scruple or remorse. Not even a tradition remained of their existence; nor is it probable that they would ever have been known if the union with Ireland, by necessitating an enlargement of the house, had not caused them to be brought to light. Something singular therefore is attached to the history, to the preservation and the discovery of these curious vestiges of art, which belong to a period comparatively barbarous, and exhibiting an almost total dearth in embellishments of genius and taste. The engravings therefore in the present work serve to redeem the arts in the reign of Edward III. from the imputation of neglect; for they prove that the method of painting in oil was practised even at that time with no ordinary success; and that the genius of elegant and fanciful design was then alive. When Mr. Smith was engaged in executing the engravings which enrich the present work, he informs us in his advertisement, that he applied to Mr. Hawkins, a gentleman enamoured with the study of antiquities, and who was then collecting materials for a history of Westminster Abbey, to supply him with short descriptions of the plates which he intended to publish. Mr. Hawkins gratuitously undertook the work; but, as he proceeded (whether from a certain *cacoethes scribendi*, from a fondness for the subject, or from little acquaintance with the necessary method of compression, we know not) the brief descriptions which he first proposed to give, soon swelled into a royal quarto of no ordinary size. Mr. H. it must be confessed, is not very happy in checking the desultory excursions of his pen; and, in the phrase of the sportsman, is continually drawn off his scent by something as dissimilar as one thing can be to another. In p. 61-2, we have the old joke of the parrot, who instead of twenty pounds, which the bird had promised to a waterman to save it from drowning, cried out to his master when payment was demanded, 'Give the knave a groat.' At p. 40 we have an account of Guy Fawkes; of whom Mr. Hawkins perhaps imagined that we had never heard before; and therefore is at some pains to delight us with a piece of novel information. He accordingly tells us how many barrels of gunpowder were deposited in the cellar under the house of

Commons; and when they were laid in. At the same time he notices that Sir Edward Coke computed the number of barrels at thirty-six, though, according to Mr. Hawkins's reckoning, there were only thirty-four. Lest our memory should have become paralytic in travelling from page 40 to p. 146, of his ample quarto, Mr. Hawkins very considerably repeats at the said page 146, the said story of the said Guy Fawkes. At page 154, Mr. Hawkins, always studious of our amusement and instruction, informs us, that 'Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naphthite were Job's three friends; and are repeatedly so named throughout the book.' We reviewers, who read that we may eat, and write that we may dine, cannot express how much we are obliged to Mr. Hawkins for conveying to us this important intelligence, which we have thought it our bounden duty to reconvey to our readers. Mr. Hawkins, thinking no doubt a little exercise good for our health, invites us at p. 160, to set out on a visit to Constantinople, where we are taught that the church of Santa Sophia is now a Turkish mosque. But, lest our manners should be spoiled by any long continuance among the infidels, he puts on at p. 161 his travelling boots, and bids us attend him to the chapel of Loretto, which he proceeds to measure with rule and line. He says

'That it is only thirty-one feet and three quarters long, thirteen feet and about three inches wide, and eighteen feet and three quarters high, except in the centre of the roof, where it is five palms, or about three feet six inches more, reckoning a palm and a half equal to thirteen inches.'

By this time we trust that our readers will be convinced that Mr. Hawkins is a *dead hand* at a digression; and so much addicted is he to this *pleasant* mode of writing, that we should find it difficult to produce many sentences together in which he keeps steadily to his point. Antiquarians in general are, we know, men of a rambling turn; who love mightily to depart from the rout before them, in order to frisk and caper in a maze of their own making, delighting the beholder by the sinuosity of their steps, and the complexity of their movements. Mr. Hawkins, when he sat down to write the present volume, was no doubt determined not to abandon the *digressive* privileges of his sect. Were one of these gentlemen appointed to describe a right line from Charing cross to St. Paul's church-yard, we have little doubt but that he would take us a few miles to the west, in order to depict the cathedral of Exeter, or the druidical descent of the rocking-stones at the Land's End; or, perhaps, after he had

diverged to the west, he would make an abrupt transit to the east, and convey our patience to the walls of Moscow, if we were not mercifully dropped into the German ocean by the way.

By compressing his matter, and attending to the wise adage of '*Ne quid nimis*,' Mr. Hawkins might have composed an interesting work, but, at present, it is only another book added to the mighty catalogue of those which will never be read. The most valuable part of the performance is the selection from the numerous rolls which were discovered in the year 1806, belonging principally to the times of Edward the Third. These rolls contain accounts of the various expences which were incurred in the construction of the chapel, and they will furnish some important data to the political economist. They shew the wages of various species of labour at that period, the prices of several products and manufactures, and they consequently prove the relative depreciation which has taken place in the value of money since the times of the third Edward, and our own. Master Thomas of Canterbury, who was the principal architect, was paid at the rate of 1s. a day. The inferior masons appear to have had 5½d. a day each; and the common labourers only 3d. A mason's apprentice was allowed 2d. a day. One hundred nails for the scaffold cost 10d. those which were employed for nailing the laths were 10d. a thousand. Two oak boards each twelve feet long and two feet wide are reckoned at 12d. each; and the portage and the boatage of the same from London by Westminster cost 1d. Oak laths were 3d. beech laths 2½d. an hundred; and eight hundred laths were conveyed by porters and boats from Southwark to Westminster for 1½d. Pitch was 1d. a pound; wax for cement, 6d. Cramps of iron cost 1½d. a pound. One hundred of lime cost 3s. 6d. The carpenters in general appear to have had 6d. a day. Master John de Chester, glazier, who was employed in making drawings for the glass windows, had 7s. a week; and eleven painters on glass had 7d. a day each. The glaziers in general had 6d. or 7d. a day. One hundred of white glass, containing one hundred and twenty-four pounds cost 16s. White lead was 5½d. a pound; painter's oil 3s. 4d. per flagon. Want of room will not permit us to make any further selections from these important documents, nor to notice all the inferences which they sanction, or all the conclusions to which they lead. One fact they indubitably establish; that the art of painting in oil, was practised in this country long anterior to the period, when that method is supposed to have been invented. The ingenious Mr. Haslam, apothecary to Bethlem hospital, had made a very

satisfactory analysis of the colours, five years before the discovery of the rolls; but when the rolls were discovered, they proved beyond contradiction the accuracy of his experiments. If the crude mass of antiquarian lore which Mr. Hawkins has crammed into this bulky volume, can be rescued from oblivion, it will be only by the curious matter which has been selected from the rolls, and by the beauty and fidelity of Mr. Smith's engravings. Mr. Hawkins, we have no doubt, from his lust for antient lore, will have no objection to travel towards the temple of fame, with these mouldy parchments tacked to his side; but perhaps he will be less pleased with having the genius of a modern artist for the associate of his way.

ART. XIV.—*Present State of the British Constitution, historically illustrated. By Britannicus. 8vo. 4s. Longman. 1807.*

THE British constitution is rather the result of fortuitous circumstances than of prophetic prescience or premeditated contrivance. It partakes of the nature of other human institutions, in the production of which chance has been more operative than design. The people of this country, always attached to liberty, the principle of which seems to be indigenous in a British heart, but acting without unity of intention, or consistency of plan, have often laid hold of favourable conjunctures and particular exigencies as they arose, to enforce their claims and establish their rights. To such combinations of accident and sagacity, we are indebted for some of the most valuable blessings of the constitution. What the constitution has been in former times, it seems of little importance to know, compared with the knowledge of what it now is. Whether it have been free or despotic formerly, it matters little if it be not free or despotic now. Our concern with the constitution is not with what it has been, but with what it actually is. Most writers, with more fondness for abstract contemplation than for palpable realities, are enamoured of the theoretical beauty of the English constitution; on which they lavish all the pomp of panegyric. But the theory of the British constitution, where it is not embodied in fact, can be regarded only as an abstraction, which has neither visible nor tangible existence. The theory of the constitution, as viewed apart from the practical truth and present operation, is only an imaginary supposition, or a visionary shade. In reviewing therefore the present work, we shall not consider what the British constitution has been, or is theoretically reputed to be, but what it actually is in its present living form and vital operations.

The British constitution, viewed in its present practical reality, is certainly not a despotism; for a despotism supposes an arbitrary will, variable in its determinations, and superseding the fixed rules of law. But no such will exists in the British constitution; for every individual is amenable to the law, and only to the law. No man can be injured either in his person or his property by the arbitrary mandates of the executive. Not a constable or a tipstaff would dare to execute the fiat of a king, which should be in opposition to the law; or if he did, he would be amenable to the law, which he had violated. Under the British constitution therefore every individual enjoys personal security, or that security which arises from the common protection of the law. This appears to be one of the solid and broad bases on which every free government must rest; and of which other nations who want the enjoyment, can better appreciate the worth. The rights of individuals are protected against the tyranny of the magistrate or the partiality of the judge by the trial by jury; which, as far as personal right or security is concerned, must be considered as a sufficient check to the arbitrary propensities which may lurk in the breasts of individuals, or in any part of the constitution. The trial by jury ensures the impartial administration of justice to every individual; and while this invaluable right is left entire and unimpaired, we may possess, notwithstanding the interested views of our politicians or the despotic wishes of ministers, a portion of liberty, almost sufficient for domestic use and individual enjoyment.

Next to the trial by jury in importance, and perhaps even superior to it in general usefulness, is THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS: this is one of the most inestimable benefits which was procured by the revolution of 1689, and if that revolution had been productive of no other, it would have been cheaply purchased though with a deluge of blood. Before the revolution no book could be printed without a licence from the court, but in the year 1694, this invidious restriction was removed, and the mind of man was suffered to expatiate without any arbitrary impediment in the region of philosophical, of moral and political speculation. We heartily agree with the sensible writer of this dispassionate performance, that in the present state of the British constitution, the liberty of the press constitutes the best safeguard for the liberties of the people. It not only contributes to the exposure of bad measures, but it operates as a check on wicked men. No man likes to be called before the tribunal of the public, and to have his whole political life and conduct canvassed by the scrutinizing sagacity

of intellect; to have his errors refuted, his sophistry exposed, his artifice unravelled, his injustice developed, his cruelty held up to the light, and his hypocrisy laid bare. However indifferent a man may appear to the public opinion, he is seldom indifferent to the feeling of general contempt and scorn. The most unprincipled miscreant would willingly enjoy the esteem, the respect and approbation of his fellow creatures; but to be marked out as the object of universal reprobation, cannot but be galling to any mind, where the ordinary sensibilities of humanity have not been quite blunted and destroyed by the effrontery of habitual and obdurate vice. The last feeling which depravity appears to relinquish, is that of respect for the good opinion of its fellow creatures. Hence, when virtue is forsaken, hypocrisy is so often substituted in its place, and though a hypocrite cannot but be a bad man, yet he, who has so far thrown off all respect for virtue, as to reject even the counterfeits, is a worse. Hence we see how that sort of judicial superintendence, which the vigilance of a free press, acting in unison with the strongest feelings of our nature, is continually exercising over the hearts and lives, the motives and the actions of public men, must tend to obstruct them in their career of folly and of sin, to abash them with shame and to goad them with remorse. Even the executive itself, which is amenable to the tribunal, not only of its own conscience, but of public reprehension, is, in some measure, overawed by the inquisitive agency of the press. And such indeed is the degree of moral controul which is thus exercised over the servants of the sovereign, and the sovereign himself, that, where the liberty of the press is preserved, but little danger is to be apprehended from the minions of power, though invested with the sword.

The trial by jury, and the liberty of the press appear to be the most essential parts, the vital essences of the present British constitution. On these the people are principally dependant for the security, the freedom and the happiness which they enjoy. And the two evils of the constitution, which are most adverse to the liberties of the people and to the general good of the empire, whether politically or morally considered, are the exorbitant patronage of the crown, and the defective representation of the people. The first of these evils has evidently arisen out of the last, for a more popular and independent House of Commons, or a more adequate representation of the talents, the virtue, and the property of the country, would never have suffered corruption to reach its present height, or to stalk abroad with such an unblushing front. In some of the late debates, in a

certain house, we have been shocked to hear it confessed that the malignant gangrene has eaten its way into the very bosom of the legislature. We would by no means wish to have the patronage of the crown so far abridged as to leave it incapable of gratifying on proper occasions the most munificent generosity. We are anxious to see the old and faithful servants of the country liberally rewarded. And, as far as pensions are bestowed for *services actually performed*, we shall always be advocates for the grant. The government of a rich country like this, ought not to be a parsimonious, but a liberal benefactor. Its recompenses ought to be ample and munificent. But can any man, who wishes well either to the crown or to the people, be an advocate for that prodigality of influence, which has no other object than to corrupt the virtuous principle of the country? which does not reward the old and laborious servant of the people, but the profligate and unprincipled of every age and description, who are willing to truckle their patriotism for gold, and sell their conscience for a job? Can the crown itself be exalted or honoured by a patronage, the operation of which, instead of encouraging the generous feelings, tends only to increase the sordid selfishness of man? Is not the possession of such patronage a disgrace and humiliation to the possessor of the crown? In the present state of the country, almost every act of the government is made a job, and every job has a view to an accession of corrupt influence in a certain house. The late administration, whose loss the country will long deplore, had begun to diminish the enormity of this jobbing system, this infamous barter of moral principle for the wages of sin. Their successors, however, in office, if we may judge from their acts, seem unwilling to relinquish one particle of the power of purchasing adherents by the all-potent charms of pensions and reversions. On their coming into office, and before indeed they had quite found the way to their seats, it became very apparent that personal emolument appeared to them the best way of serving their country. Mr. Perceval could not take the chancellorship of the Exchequer, without the appendage of the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster; nor was his lust of gain to be appeased without the possession of the fair inheritance for life. Before, therefore, this gentleman had rendered one iota of good to his country, and when it was universally known that he had no capacity for the office, which he had accepted, he was actually paid for his acceptance, and rewarded for his incapacity by one of the best of the many good things in the patronage of the crown!!! We leave the emotions of contempt and indignation which such conduct must inspire,

to rise spontaneously in the bosom of the reader, without endeavouring to increase the feeling by the description of our own. The unwillingness of the present ministry to part with any portion of the power of corruption may be seen in the rejection of the reversion bill in the House of Lords. This bill had passed the commons, where the ministers were more afraid of incurring censure by opposing it; but they determined to get rid of it by a secret manœuvre in the House of Lords. Only one member of the cabinet attended the discussion; but they fixed on an agent for the purpose; a man admirably calculated for such dirty work. Who was this? Gentle reader, *ecce homo!* no other than the honest, the disinterested and unpensioned Earl of Melville himself, on whom such a servid panegyric may be read in the journals of the House of Commons. The noble earl has certainly one merit,—that of unblushing consistency,—but we will not say in what. The reader, if he please, may search for it in the catalogue of those *virtues*, which have raised many a man to a certain post of capital elevation.

As we have said above, we are far from wishing to see the crown rendered incapable of gratifying the feeling of a virtuous generosity, or of affording a liberal remuneration for those services, which have been *actually performed*: But is the crown to have the power of bestowing places and emoluments not only on its present favourites, but on all the masters and misses who are to come from their loins? Are we not only to corrupt the father, but, by anticipation, to vitiate the principles of the son? Are the motions of government so clogged with difficulties, that they cannot be carried on without lavishing the boon of mercenary grants and unmerited indulgence not only on the generation which is, but on that which is to come? The confession of such incapacity would be the grossest libel that was ever published on the sovereign or the government. A good government rules by love; the affections of the people are the only force which it needs, and that force will always be commensurate with the exigency of the times and the necessity of the case. To say that the executive cannot do its duty without first bribing a majority of the legislature to neglect theirs, is to confess that the measures of the executive are radically bad; and that the government itself is rotten at the core. For a good government and a venal legislature are terms which are totally incompatible and dissimilar. No man is willing to lay out his money without an adequate return. But, when he sees men lavishing thousands upon thousands to procure a seat in parliament, and converting a place in the legislature into a monied speculation, what are we to suppose but that

a man's vote in that house is a saleable commodity, and that his political conscience may be trafficked, like a bale of goods, for a certain quantity of patronage or a certain sum of gold?

With respect to the defective representation of the people, to which, more than to any other cause, we may ascribe all the present political ills which we deplore, it is more easy to ascertain the disease than to prescribe the remedy. The first is almost universally confessed, but hardly two persons agree about the last. The present system is bad indeed, but universal suffrage would be worse. Universal suffrage would soon destroy that equilibrium of power, which ought to subsist between the three branches of the legislature. It would engender a democracy that would hardly leave a vestige of monarchy behind. Whatever reform may be adopted in the House of Commons, the only one which can be either wise or safe is that which shall make property the basis of suffrage; and which shall cause that property to be more generally represented in the house. A people who had no property, would have little need of a house of representatives. The necessity of representation arises principally out of the existence and relations of property. Property requires the aid of civil government to support the possessor in his right, and to repress violence and injustice. But civil government cannot exist without pecuniary support. The property, which is protected, must pay a part for the protection. But how is the quantum of payment to be regulated? If we allow the government itself to define the portion, we expose the subject to unnecessary exaction and arbitrary imposts. Hence a house of representatives becomes necessary, that the people, who pay taxes, may tax themselves; and that more may not be taken from them than they can afford to give. Hence, then, we see that such a body as the house of commons must be regarded almost exclusively as the representatives of property; and, of course, the whole property of the country, which is subject to taxation, ought to be adequately and universally represented. To deprive any part of the property of the country, paying taxes, of the right of suffrage and the privilege of representation, is to do the grossest injustice to the possessors. It is to inflict on such persons the badge of servitude, and to hold over their heads the scourge of oppression. For in a free state every individual, who contributes to the imposts of the government, is supposed virtually to assent to the imposition. He gives no more than he has enabled his representative to grant. Here we behold liberty and justice bound hand in hand to maintain the inviolable rights of property and secure the

subject from oppression. But those proprietors who have no right of suffrage, are, in fact, not represented, and all the money which is taken out of their pockets must be considered, not as the voluntary boon of free men, but the forced offering of slaves. Now as property in money pays taxes as well as property in land, property in money ought to be represented as well as property in land. And as property which belongs to one sect, is as much subject to taxation as property which belongs to another, both justice and equity require that the catholic should enjoy the advantage of having the representative whom he approves as well as the protestant; and that no person should be excluded from the representative body on account of his religion or his sect. The reform, therefore, which we should propose to introduce into the house of commons, would be such as would diffuse the right of suffrage among every species of proprietors; and leave no man, who directly contributes to the payment of taxes, without a vote in the choice of his representative. Such a reform, which is what justice and humanity, what common equity and common sense most imperiously demand, would tend, more than any other measure, to give solidity to the government, peace to the church, and general satisfaction to the empire. We shall not enter, till another opportunity occurs, into the details of the plan which we should propose; but we have thought it our duty to say thus much respecting the *principle*, which ought to direct any plan of reform which we may adopt. The present ministers are, we know, sworn enemies to all reform. Bad as things are they will leave them as they are; all improvements will have to encounter their inveterate dislike, and their steady opposition. Under their management the affairs of the country will proceed from bad to worse, till no hope is left but in the struggle of despair.

ART. XV.—*Authentic Materials for a History of the People of Malta. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Parts. Now first published. To be continued. By William Eton, Esq. Superintendant-general of the Quarantine and public Health Department in Malta. 8vo. 6s. Cadell. 1802, 1805, and 1807.*

THE fourth part of these materials, the only one which has not been already some time before the public, is that which more immediately calls for our attention. The others are second editions, printed uniformly, so as to make with that now published, a respectable 8vo. volume. But the

contents of this fourth *livraison* are not what had been announced at the publication of the third, the subject having been, for private reasons, unavoidably deferred. What we have now given us consists principally of a defence of the author's own conduct from some attacks which he has suffered in consequence of his former publications.

We are not favoured with the whole extent of these charges; but from the kind of defence which is set up, we can understand their nature. One of them seems to be his having been too strenuous a defender of the rights and liberties of the people of Malta; a line of conduct which seems to have given offence to some persons connected with the higher powers. The government of Malta was originally free; the chief authority of the state being vested in a popular council of representatives (the *Consiglio Popolare*); by whom the principal magistrates were appointed, and in whom the legislative power was vested. After the island had been ceded by Charles V. to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the grand master began to make encroachments on the privileges of the Maltese; by degrees he filled the *Consiglio Popolare* with his own creatures; and, at length in 1775, took occasion, from a popular insurrection, to suppress it altogether. However in 1798 Bonaparte appeared, and took possession of Valetta without resistance, the grand master and knights, whether from fear, affection, or corruption, delivering up the island to the invaders, and thus abdicating for ever their own dominion. But the battle of the Nile, which threw the command of the Mediterranean entirely into the hands of the English, quickly changed the face of things. The Maltese rose in arms against the French, drove them from every outpost into Valetta, and after a siege of two years, which cost the inhabitants twenty thousand lives and much treasure, with the aid of a Portuguese and British squadron, finally reduced them to the necessity of surrendering. By this heroic conduct, Mr. Eton was induced to contend that the Maltese had regained the complete sovereignty of the island, they having been the principals in the war, and both the English and Portuguese having acted merely as auxiliaries. He wished then for the restoration of their free constitution under the protection of England; and with much zeal and industry, put the English public in possession of many valuable documents regarding their constitution and their local establishments. He also annexed a scheme of a form of government for Malta and Goza, uniting the essential parts of the privileges of the islands with the functions of a British governor, drawn up by some of the most enlightened of the inhabitants, and which, it was thought, would perfectly satisfy the people.

These exertions of Mr. Eton's have subjected him to the accusation of promoting discontent among the people of Malta, and instigating them to demand the restoration of their ancient rights and privileges. But he calls upon his accusers to give a reason why these people should be more pleased with an arbitrary form of government, or submit more willingly to the loss of their antient liberty under his majesty's civil commissioners, than they were under the order of St. John of Jerusalem. In comparing the relative situation of the people under these different masters, he draws a picture not very favourable to the present rulers. During the residence of the order the people had many advantages; many inducements to submit to the loss of their rights, not one of which they now enjoy. The monastic order was composed both of lay brethren and priests, it being the only religious order in which the laity (the knights) are superior to the ecclesiastics. If the laity consisted of foreigners, the priests, of whatever degree, were Maltese. These had all of them benefices or stipends, from funds established for that purpose, so that there was scarcely a family in Malta but had some member of it attached to the order. Titles of honour were liberally bestowed upon the Maltese, though they had no interference with the affairs of the order. Many inferior officers enjoyed peculiar privileges, and were entitled to a degree of respect and superiority above others.

Under the English government the popular council, which for two years had managed the affairs of the island, and given energy and direction to the war against the French, has been dismissed; the revenues destined to the support of the ecclesiastics have been seized on, and the priests have been forced to content themselves with reduced pensions; the honours and advantages enjoyed by the Maltese under the order are no longer bestowed; the market with Spain being cut off, near thirty-five thousand persons, who used to be employed in spinning, &c. are most of them thrown out of employment; in fine, the prices of provisions have been tripled, while land has diminished in value.

The Maltese expected (whether upon just foundation or not does not appear) to be admitted to a full participation of the blessings of the British constitution; and as this has been hitherto withheld from them, it cannot but excite dissatisfaction. This combination of circumstances is surely perfectly adequate to account for any discontents which may exist among the inhabitants. As Britons and friends of liberty, we wish its blessings to be diffused among all who are under the protecting arm of its government. But we see no grounds for attaching blame to those who have his

thereto thought proper to withhold from these islanders the benefit of a fixed constitution, founded upon just and liberal principles. Our own tenure is uncertain; and imperious circumstances may render that line of conduct a matter of prudence, which in other circumstances would by no means be a matter of choice. We must, however, declare our opinion that as far as we can judge from the documents before us, Mr. Eton's behaviour has not been merely innocent, but laudable; and the testimonies in his favour from the magistrates of the cities of Valetta, Vittoriosa, Senglea, and Cospicua, must amply console him for any mortification he may have undergone from the malevolence of private slander.

The subject of this part of Mr. Eton's vindication being of a public nature, is generally interesting. On a second article of his defence, as it regards a transaction wholly private, we must abstain from giving an opinion. We collect from it, however, that wheat, the average price of which is at Malta from 70s. to 80s. a quarter, was brought by him from the Black Sea, and delivered at Malta at the rate of 35s. a quarter. It is clear then, according to this statement, that an immense profit may be made by this trade, and Mr. Eton has proposed to form an establishment for the purpose of collecting a great and constant revenue from it. If government, however, have not thought fit to sanction this project, we think them entitled to praise. However specious it may seem, it amounts to no more than that government should become corn-factors. Every dabbler in political œconomy knows how hostile this is to the rights of trade, and eventually how injurious it may prove to the community. The business of government is to procure and maintain for the British merchant the free navigation of the Black Sea. The merchant has at present the liberty of depositing his corn in the magazines at Malta, by paying a slight transit duty. Under this system the merchant has the right to say to the government, *Laissez nous faire*. Any other system may tend to the enrichment of jobbers, and some of their gold may perchance slip into the silken pockets of some right honourable patron at home. But we are certain, that not a single sous will by any accident mistake its way into the public purse.

Mr. Eton has added particulars of the revenue of Malta and Goza, the total of which is 287,765 l.; an account of the corn and land measures; and of the coin. We cannot but remark a great change of tone and spirit in the last from that which distinguished the former part of his observations. Formerly he seemed at a loss for words to express his contempt and indignation at the conduct and manners of the knights.

' Could such a community,' he exclaimed, ' deserve the protection of sovereigns ? and can their merited destiny interest the nations of Europe so far as to draw the sword to re-establish them in a seat, where they disgraced religion, and the characters of gentlemen and soldiers ?'

But, as we proceed, we find him disposed to speak with more moderation and urbanity than he now does of these same knights. We are also much inclined to doubt whether he is acquainted with the secret springs, which set in motion the insurrection of the Maltese in 1798, and whether he is therefore warranted in resting the claims of the Maltese to independence upon their having achieved the conquest of the island by their own spontaneous exertions. This insurrection had no sooner broken out than the insurgents received a British officer, who acted as their commander in chief; and who afterwards governed the island under a British commission. Whether there was or was not any connection with foreign powers from the beginning of the insurrection is a secret which undoubtedly has not been confided to Mr. Eton, and of which probably he is entirely ignorant. It will probably remain for a time among many other articles of *secret history*, the ascertainment of which may reward the inquisitiveness of the future historian, and may gratify the curiosity of the next generation.

ART. XVI.—*A Memoir concerning the Political State of Malta.* By John Joseph Dillon, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4to. Booker. 1807.

MR. Dillon thinks that we ought immediately to declare our determination to retain Malta; and to establish a free form of government in the island, subject to the sovereignty of Great Britain. If we retain the possession; we entirely agree with the author of the Memoir that we ought to frame such a constitution for the island, as is best suited to the habits, and most agreeable to the wishes of the people. But we are not quite in unison with Mr. Dillon about the wisdom or the policy of preserving the dominion of the island. More importance in a political point of view, has been attached to the possession than it deserves. It has been panegyrized as the key to the east, or a sort of convenient resting place in our way to the mouths of the Nile. Unless the natives of Indostan acquire in some future period, a degree of physical strength and moral resolution beyond what they at present possess, that country will continue to

be subject to the dominion of any European power which possesses the sovereignty of the seas, and can afford an annual drain of troops from the redundancy of its population. If the navy of France should ever become superior to that of England, the dominion of the east would not be long ere it was transferred from the merchants in Leadenhall street to the court of the Thuilleries, notwithstanding any sovereignty which we might erect in Malta or in Egypt. And indeed Malta itself, whenever it becomes an object of contention, must always ultimately be reduced by that government which is triumphant on the waves. We are indebted for the present possession to our naval supremacy; and, while that supremacy lasts, though, even in the event of peace, we should abandon the island to-morrow, we might retake it within six months after the commencement of another war. We are not advocates for extending the territorial sovereignty of Great Britain; and we deem it more wise to rest contented with what we have, or even to abandon a part of what we have, than to endeavour to acquire more. Were we at this moment masters of the whole continent of South America, our domestic strength would be less than it is, without any accession being made to the reality of our wealth. In the present crisis of our fate, when the most formidable enemy whom we ever had to encounter, is menacing our destruction,—instead of endeavouring to stretch the legs and arms of the empire abroad, we ought to devise means to invigorate the heart at home. The more we conquer from the enemy in other countries, the more liable we become to be conquered in our own. The augmentation of our territorial sovereignty may indeed increase the patronage of the government, but that patronage is usually coextensive with the moral depravity of the people; and affords no uncertain symptom of the real weakness of the empire.

ART. XVII.—*A Letter to Lord Grenville upon the repeated Publication of his Letter to the Secretary of the Society for the promoting Christian Knowledge, &c.* By the Rev. H. B. Wilson, M. A. 6d. C. and J. Rivington.

ART. XVIII.—*An earnest Address to Men of all Orders and Degrees in the United Church of England and Ireland respecting Papists.* 1s. Rivington.

ART. XIX.—*Observations on (what is called) the Catholic Bill.* By a Lawyer. Hatchard.

THE intemperate and idle author of the first of these

pamphlets, who is worthy likewise of having given birth to the second, pushes from shore with abundance of sail, but with so total a neglect of ballast that he upsets in the very first page. After a *modest* declaration of his superiority to the ex-minister, he speaks of the protestant establishment of this realm, as *recently and seriously menaced by the machinations of his lordship and associates*. We hardly know whether most to admire, the impudence of this meek and lowly presbyter, or his cunning in perverting an act merely political, into a menace held out to religion. He is astonished that his lordship should object to the address drawn up by the members of Sion house, and pay no attention to those of many other bodies throughout the kingdom, who speak the same sentiments (and we must add nearly in the same language) with those of this institution. In our opinion his lordship had acted with more dignity in withdrawing his name from a society, which, under the mask of religion, was resolving itself into a junto of miserable and priest ridden politicians. In point of justice, he certainly had a right to dissent from an address which obliquely reflected insult on himself, one of its members.

We have termed the measure, which occasioned the dismissal of the late ministers, a political measure; and nothing but the most consummate distortion and artifice can twist it into any other sense. We call upon our adversaries not to state that religion is menaced, but to shew in what manner it is menaced. The hue and cry raised in the country which is echoed from one common council room to another, and the grave and sententious deliberations and addresses thereon, will avail nothing—

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dii superi—

Public opinion is influenced by the few, and kept alive by the prejudices and interests of the many. Neither truth nor the appearance of truth are requisite to give it currency; and the cry of 'No witchcraft,' so common but a century and an half ago, was equally rational with the cry of 'No popery,' which conveys such music to modern ears.

It is difficult to divine the motives which urged Mr. Wilson to write this pamphlet, when we consider the extreme difficulty of writing books invitâ Minervâ, that is, when a man has nothing to say. The chief object seems to have been, to tack the name of Wilson to that of Lord Grenville, and to be egregious for something, if it be only for writing nonsense with virulence.

The horrors dreaded in the 'Earnest Address,' which, from a certain grossness of style, should be twin-born with the above pamphlet, are the hopes that we fondly entertain; viz. that the members of the Roman Catholic communion should be received into the bosom of our constitution, and be admitted gradually into the army, navy, and legislature of the country. Much is to be learned from a successful enemy; and more than half of the successes which have aggrandised France and abased Europe at her feet, has been the earnest endeavour of fraternizing those who would otherwise lift up their hands against her. Not contented with allowing the members of every communion to enjoy their opinions and public forms of worship, she has anxiously sought to conciliate Jews, and by paying them the honors due to men who contribute to support the burthens of the state, she has naturally turned the brethren dispersed in other countries to a comparison of the honours which they there enjoy, with those which are held out by the indulgence of Paris. By this act the government has in no respect done violence to the national religion, nor made proselytes to Judaism; but has wisely enlisted those men, who in their state of subjection were naturally lukewarm to the name of country, among its protectors, and animated them with the pride of nationality.

To divide a nation and to conquer it are synonymous; and thus far we should imagine the author of the pamphlet under review in the pay of Buonaparte, did we not consider that Buonaparte employs none but men of talents. The object of both appears the disunion of Ireland from England, by exciting antipathies between the people of either island. Thus the French emperor, on hearing that a faction had made religion their plea for supplanting ministers, styles this country 'The enemy to the holy catholic religion;' and the author of these infuriate pages applies the highly *conciliating* expression of 'beasts of the field' to the papists, an appellation which must doubtless be highly gratifying and mellifluous to every individual of that communion. Again he cautions men from clogging the prosperity of their country with the curse of heaven, by any concessions to the upholders of papal Antichrist.

The precise meaning of this last expression has never yet been settled. Whenever persons of opposite sentiments have had recourse to the formidable engine of retort, they have successively applied 'Antichrist' or 'whore of Babylon' to their opponent. But it may certainly be assumed, without contradiction, that any attempt at kindling religious jealousies by evil words, or evil actions, is most impious and antichristian; and no method has been found so effectual in exciting

the hatred and persecution of one body of men against another as the inculcating among the mob, that the adverse party are accursed of heaven. Whether with this intention, or from the most gloomy, savage and stupid bigotry, the authors of this, and the above pamphlet affect to *fear* for the salvation of the Catholics: we ope, in charity, the *wishes* of these blind men do not side with their fears.

Peers, pastry cooks, parsons, and lawyers, have handled this subject: and we have been shocked to observe that the most inflammatory expressions have issued from the sons of the church, whose reasonings become clouded by the contemplation of the subject, and whose rage is kindled in proportion to their inadequacy of passing an opinion on a military question. Their mode of attack reminds us of the recent clamours raised against vaccination, which entangled many a well-meaning man in needless discussion: some called the complaint, when disarmed of its virus, a 'beastly disease;' and one polemic doctor posted men at the corners of streets, and the descents of bridges, holding poles in their hands representing the figure of a boy with a cheek, eyes, and features of a bull, and subscribed 'The bull-cheeked boy.'

The 'Lawyer's Observations' are, as we premised, more tolerant, more rational, and more humane than those of the churchman. He abstains from hurling firebrands among the multitude, and does not degrade himself by addressing Billingsgate in its own choice and appropriate language.

It is a fact well known that not only at Monte Video, but in Egypt, and Maida, the Irish troops bore a very conspicuous part in the enterprize. In return for their transcendent valor and fidelity, we had hoped that the gratitude of the sovereign and the country would have been evinced in the most ample boon of political indulgence. But religious rancour has chilled the feeling of gratitude which must otherwise have been excited towards the Catholics of Ireland. They have risked their lives in our defence; and yet we have loaded them with contumely and scorn.

The author talks of having the service of the *lower* Irish by *connivance*. Is *connivance* a term honourable to the employers, or to those who are employed? *Connivance* would here mean *sufferance*. Our goodness and indulgence in *conniving* at their heroism and the sacrifice of their lives in our defence must doubtless overpower them with gratitude. It is a term applied to smuggling permitted by the lenity or dishonesty of some custom house officer; and would mean, that the Catholics were a disgrace to the military profession, but that, on emergencies, they may be permitted, by *connivance*, to shed

their blood for the increase of our glory. Besides, the very mode of admittance, which is here proposed, must apply only to the admittance of small bodies into our armies, which is contrary to our practice; they may smuggle, but they cannot smuggle by wholesale. Whereas it is an undisputed fact that a very large proportion of our army are Irish, and by consequence Catholics. But however willing the poorer Irish may be to encounter danger, from their natural love of glory, their energies have never been called into their full play, because the higher orders of Irishmen, who are the fountain head of public opinion, are prescribed from the use of arms, or only admitted, like their poorer brethren, through the medium of *connivance*, that is, are merely smuggled clandestinely into the service. This is the more extraordinary as no nation trusts arms into the hands of foreigners, whatever may be their religion, with such implicit and helpless confidence as ourselves. Thus we armed a multitude of French refugees, and associated them to their own countrymen who were dragged from our prisons, for the purpose of landing them [the French say, for the purpose of destroying them,] at Quiberon. The regiments of De Rolle and Dillon are trusted, and their commanders held in honour; nay, so blind was our confidence that we collected a regiment of all religions, and of no religion, from the very scum and offal of the continent, whom we permitted to rise in mutiny against us, and almost to annihilate our existence at Malta. But although they were Catholics, or Jews, or Mussulmen, they were not Irish Catholics.

The association of the lower orders merely was not the intention of the bill. Ireland contains a population incomparably larger in proportion to its extent than any given country in Europe. If this population be not employed, they will turn their minds, as they have done, to practices hostile to the government. But the nobles and gentry of that nation are of a disposition peculiarly martial and enterprising; and their co-operation would ensure the loyalty of the people. The difficulty of procuring soldiers (and we must add, officers) in this country is too glaring to need a remark. Every man has his employment, and, in general, is engaged in pursuits the most repugnant to warfare that can well be imagined. It would be idle to suppose the bloated and diseased population of our manufacturing towns would ever do credit to their country in the front of her battles. The Irish and Scots appear to be our natural defenders at present; and this superiority is not confined to the lower orders of people, but ascends to their officers, who, from being uncontaminated with the counting house, are indisputably

more enterprising, and in general more successful in their enterprizes, than the gentry of commercial England.

But there is another point of view, in which the Irish appear peculiarly useful, even from the profession of that communion, which we despise and insult. And it is this: The wars of England are mostly against catholic countries. The colonies which are exposed to our assaults are catholic. It is very well known, that the only mode of securing a colony, is by paying a proper respect to the prejudices, religious or civil, of the conquered people; and it is equally well known that no people are less scrupulous in their proper decorum than those of our own country. The late ministers, from a due consideration of this pertinacity in making aggressions, so conspicuous in the protestant troops of this realm, with great wisdom equipped the major part of the expedition against the most bigotted catholics in the world, with men who would respect their feelings, and not provoke them to rebel by ridicule or sarcasm.

In one respect all religions are alike: viz. in inspiring their professors with the spirit of vengeance against those who attack the faith which they profess. The victories of the French emperor would exceed credibility, did we not witness their effects: but in no one respect has his influence over the human mind displayed itself so greatly, as in the last campaign, when he converted his enemies into friends; employed the very troops who were sent to oppose him, in forwarding his views; and amassed and kept together, without mutiny or apparent coercion, an army extending in chains from the frontiers of France to the Vistula, composed of all nations, religions, prejudices, opinions, and interests; and that too in the countries of his enemies, and in seasons friendly to his enemy, and hostile to the constitution of the native troops of France. On our part, we effected a mutiny, and excited a massacre at Vellore, by affronting the religious prejudices of some native troops, which, to those who know how to turn them to account, are the best engine in the hands of the governors; and we suffered a mutiny to grow up to a head in Malta, in a garrison consisting but of a few regiments, and those well provisioned and in want of nothing. Now, as it is equally indifferent to our government whether they employ Mussulmen, as in the East Indies, or catholics, as in Europe, in encountering their enemies, we should really think that the Irish, who more nearly resemble ourselves, would have the precedence; more particularly as their fidelity on foreign service is proverbial. But if gratitude fails to sway our present ministers in their favour, let fear have its effect. The apprehension of invasion is sufficient at once

to induce us to make them our brethren ; our reliance in that case against such generals as those of France, must be wholly on superiority of numbers ; but if a fourth of our numbers are either lukewarm in our cause, or perhaps active against us, the seal of destruction is placed on our destinies. The review of our military exploits either in the past or present war should teach us diffidence at least. Dunkirk, the two invasions, and the last capitulation in Holland, and the affair at Ferrol, were doubtless not disgraceful to us from any superiority in the numbers of our enemy. Our only chance of escaping subjugation, in the event of an attack upon our home, would consist in the union of all orders, and of all religions. Such we believe to have been the opinions of his majesty's late advisers ; and under these circumstances, they would have been flatterers, and not friends to their master, had they withheld from him their sense of the danger. It is to be remembered that his majesty is exalted above the immediate access of complaint, and can only see what passes through the medium of those who have approach to him, and are the immediate links between him and his people. The rehearsal of an invasion of Ireland took place some years ago, and struck panic from one extremity of this kingdom to the other. The force of the enemy then consisted of a few hundreds, who resisted and put to flight a very superior force sent to check his progress, and such was the alarm excited, that the hundreds of the enemy were multiplied to thousands in crossing the water.

The late ministers had the wisdom to discern that France owed much of her greatness to the suppression of religious animosities ; and they endeavoured, if not to make us glorious, at least to raise us from humiliation, by the same line of conduct. They opposed, when out of place, the aggrandisement of France, (brought about by their predecessors, by confronting all the folly of other nations to all her genius,) and consequently would not bring down upon themselves the indignation of all reflecting men on the continent, by placing any reliance in, or lending any countenance to such a man as Mack, or to a coalition formed under his auspices. They pitied the impotent menaces, and ill-timed abuses of the king of Prussia, thrown out against a man, before whom they foresaw he must soon appear as a suppliant ; and it is well known, that Mr. Fox, had he lived, intended to have cautioned the king of Prussia personally from calling down upon himself the dreadful visitation that has attended him. This line of conduct by no means implies that they would not have assisted, and largely too, both Russia and Prussia, had they been able to cope

with the genius and resources of France. But gold, they well knew from the fatal experience of three coalitions effected by it, was but a poor substitute for military talents; and hence they refrained from depositing money in the chest of the French emperor through the medium of Russia and Prussia.

Of the spirit which pervades the pamphlets in general, we have to remark, that they all premise: 1st. a difference in religious opinion to be tantamount to absolute hostility. 2dly. That one fourth of his majesty's subjects, and those too divided from the rest, will subject the remaining three-fourths to their jurisdiction. 3dly. That the catholics are by nature cruel, which they assert from extracts taken from events in the middle ages, without observing that cruelty and barbarism did not belong to the catholics, but to the ages themselves. As all these three points refute themselves, we have merely stated them as light summer arguments, containing in themselves a bane and antidote at the same time. For our own parts, we consider the measure in question essential to the existence of the state, and opening a door, which these gentlemen so much dread, for the fraternization of all the nobles and gentry of the sister kingdom in every matter civil and military.

From the pen of Mr. Wilson we expect great things. There is so much ostentation of ignorance in his pamphlet, and in the address, that we expect from the same pen, assisted by that of Dr. Gaskin, an answer to Mr. Whitbread's proposal for instructing the poor, proving an enlightened people to be Anti-christ, and holding out a scheme for the formation of a 'Society for the more extensive propagation of immorality and ignorance.' This worthy pair of priests should read the *Moriæ Encomium* (we mean in English) of Erasmus. Their combined vacuity of intellect, with the ordinary adjuncts of frothy insolence and petulant audacity, might treat the same subject with wonderful effect.

ART. XX.—*The Rising Sun, a serio-comic, satiric Romance.*
By Cervantes Hogg, F.S.M. 3d Edition. 12mo. 3
Vols. 1l. 1s. Appleyard. 1807.

A FEW years previous to the French revolution, the press at Paris issued daily libels on every thing elevated, sacred, and respectable. They were particularly directed against the royal family, and they contributed greatly to that devastation and carnage, which will ever distinguish that event in the annals of the world.

We do not suppose, we think it scarcely possible, that the same consequences can succeed here to the same measures ; but it will not be owing to the want of efforts in those imp of darkness, anonymous writers.

This production is one of the vilest of all the vile things, which, it is to be feared, have been more than tolerated by a political party against an illustrious prince, who has had the sense and merit uniformly to detest and oppose the measures of that party. The nature of those measures need not be described. Their consequences, like the sword of Damocles, are hanging over an alarmed nation by a hair.

They could not brand the prince as a jacobin and democrat, and send him with Hardy and Tooke to the Tower ; that would have shocked even the credulity of circulating libraries ; but they have copied the foulest libels on the Comte d'Artois, the Queen of France, &c. and their mischievous and dreadful falshoods are perused with eagerness by a numerous though wretched class of readers.

These calumnies are not properly discountenanced and punished, either by the government or by those persons called the friends of the prince.

The former should ponder well on the fate of the government of France, after calumny had degraded the royal family ; the latter should consider that withdrawing all important information from the prince, surrounding him with mountebanks and buffoons, is not honestly and honourably preparing him for the part he may soon be called upon to act on the theatre of an endangered world.

The prince has shewn the noblest and most amiable dispositions. His patronage of the Literary Fund, his support of men of learning in Italy, &c. at a time when the vermin of literature were infesting him, are facts which we contemplate with no common satisfaction ; and the prince only wants good and wise counsellors to ensure the salvation of the country.

It will not be expected that we should give extracts from this vile publication.

ART. XXI.—*The Royal Eclipse, or delicate Facts, exhibiting the secret Memoirs of Squire George and his Wife. With Notes. By Diogenes. 12mo. Hughes. 1807.*

THE late allusions to delicate facts and delicate enquiries, whether in the discussions of newspapers, or in the more diffuse and elaborate nonsense of satirical romances, are all impositions on public credulity. For the true state of the question is a secret ; and it seems to be the opinion of a great

personage, and a committee of his privy council, that it should remain a secret.

As long as it does not involve any consideration affecting the succession, the public have no concern in the business, but as it may sympathize with the private felicity of the heir to the throne.

This book is manufactured from the newspapers, and contains numerous and long extracts from them. We need not therefore attempt to estimate its merit.

ART. XXII.—*Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, during the Middle of the Fourth Century before the Christian Era. By the Abbé Barthelemy. Translated from the French. In seven Volumes, and an Eighth in 4to. containing Maps, Plans, Views, and Coins, illustrative of the Geography and Antiquities of Antient Greece. The 4th Edition, carefully revised, corrected, and enlarged by the last improved Paris Edition, prepared for the Press by the Author, with Memoirs of the Life of J. Barthelemy, written by Himself, and embellished with his Portrait. Seven Volumes 8vo. with one of Charts. Price 4l. 4s. boards. or 6l. 6s. best Paper. Mawman. 1806.*

THE fable of the phoenix has almost been realized in the history of the present work. It has been twice burnt, when nearly ready for publication; once in the fire which consumed the premises of Mr. Hamilton in the year 1803; and again in the conclusion of the year 1805, in the fire which destroyed the warehouses of Mr. Gillet. Thus a certain fatality seems to have attended this celebrated performance; but owing to the meritorious exertions of Mr. Mawman, the work itself appears to have derived new splendour and beauty from this double conflagration. The first edition of the English translation was published in 1796, in four volumes, with a volume of maps, &c. In the present edition the errors of the former have been carefully corrected, and the whole has been sedulously revised. The corrections and additions of the last Paris edition of the original have been inserted in the text; and to the first volume is prefixed an interesting biographical account of M. Barthelemy, which was written by himself. The volume which contains the maps, plans, &c. is enlarged with nine new plates; and prefaced with some very judicious and instructive critical observations on the maps of antient Greece, by M. Barbé Du Bocage. Such, in addition to the excellence of the paper and clearness of the type, are the advantages which the present edition possesses above the preceding.

Some fortuitous coincidences, some local attraction or some associated interest, making a forcible impression on the mind, have often given a vigorous impulse to those exertions, which have procured for the individual a place of high distinction in the temple of fame. Gibbon conceived the first idea of his immortal work amid the ruins of the capitol. M. Barthelemy tells us that chance first suggested the idea of the present work. While he was travelling in Italy in the year 1755, he was less impressed by the objects which he saw than by the thought of those which could be seen no more; less by the present situation of the country than by the recollection of the past:—his mind continually reverted to that period on the revival of learning when the country was the nursery of the sciences and the arts; and he thought that a retrospective and well imagined journey through Italy, about the age of Leo X. and continued for a certain number of years, would in the highest degree be productive of pleasure and instruction. M. Barthelemy exhibits a sketch of the plan which he had intended to pursue in this imaginary tour; but, finding on more mature reflection, that it would be necessary for him in some instances to give a new direction to his pursuits, and to make himself acquainted with branches of study which he had hitherto neglected, he determined to relinquish his primary design for a journey through Greece in one of its most interesting periods. This work he began in 1757, and spent more than thirty years in the execution. Few modern publications have occupied so much time, or been laboured with so much care. And the length of time which Barthelemy employed in the accomplishment, was not owing to the procrastinations of indolence, or to the sluggishness of his intellectual capacity. There was no remission in his toil, and no dullness in his apprehensions; but he determined to be scrupulously exact in every detail, and to omit no research which could elucidate what was obscure, or perfect what was incomplete. Thus his work, which is not a chaotic mass, but a luminous digest of the most erudite information, furnishes a striking contrast to the plethoric habit of German erudition on the one hand, and to the barren generalities, superficial views, and defective intelligence of the present French school on the other. The motions of genius are not slow; but where genius is associated with accuracy, it will always proceed without precipitation. Though M. Barthelemy devoted more than thirty years to his performance, those years were not spent in vain. He wrote for posterity; and posterity will not fail to register his name among those which merit an everlasting remembrance.

We know that there are persons, who doubt whether it be right to blend truth with fiction, or to mould the documents of history into the form of a romance in the manner which has been practised by the author of *Anacharsis*. But we see no injury which can accrue to the interests of truth or the fidelity of the history from the present undertaking. For the fiction has not been employed to mutilate the facts or to disfigure the history, but only to increase the pleasure, vary the instruction and heighten the charm. The present work has all the interest of romance and yet all the certainty and exactness of historical detail. The author does not substitute futility of profession for solidity of performance. He does not trust to second-hand authorities or traditionary observation. He goes to the original sources of information; and he produces the best vouchers which were to be had for every fact which he states. If he does not always say all that we could wish to be said, on any subject which he discusses, he always refers us at the bottom of the page to those books, where more ample information is to be had.

The present work comprehends that period of the Grecian history which extends from the year 363, when *Anacharsis* sets out from Scythia, to that of 337 B. C. the period of his return; when the battle of *Charonea* had been fought, and the despotic power of Philip had obtained the ascendant over the liberties of Greece. This period appears to have been more than usually favourable to the exertions of genius and art. Poetry, eloquence, painting, statuary and all the finer and more delicate operations of the head and of the hand were in the highest state of culture and perfection.

Indeed the mass of intellect, which was set in motion, was greater than in any former period, and as this was principally concentrated within the walls of Athens, it shone with a blaze of light which dazzled the beholder; which has indeed transmitted its rays to the present period, and is not likely to be extinguished in any age that is yet to come. Such is the period of which M. Barthelemy has described, not only the political occurrences but the literature, sentiments, manners and indeed the whole moral physiognomy in the travels of *Anacharsis*. And such is the art with which he writes, such the vivacity of his colouring, and the charm which he diffuses over his page, that our attention is so much interested in the narrative that we appear to be spectators of the persons and actors in the scene. We converse with *Epaminondas*, *Phocion*, *Xenophon*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Demosthenes* and other persons of distinguished ability and genius. Can the student be in better company? or can he keep such company without his propensities being ennobled and his sentiments elevated and improved?

We have said above that M. Barthelemy possesses the art of bringing before our eyes the very persons whom he describes, and this he does by depicting their physiognomy, manner or gait, as far as it can be collected from antiquity; or by the notice of some little incident or anecdote, which shews the moral interior of the man. In Vol. II. c. vii. M. Barthelemy introduces us into the Academy, about three quarters of a mile from the city of Athens, containing a gymnasium and a garden, cut into delicious walks, where the waters of the Cephissus flowed under the shade of the plane. This was the favourite school of Plato, who had a house near the spot. He is thus described by Anacharsis:

‘ Though about sixty-eight years old, he still retained a fresh and animated complexion. Nature had bestowed on him a robust body. His long voyages had impaired his health: but this he had restored by a strict attention to regimen; and he was no otherwise affected than by a habit of melancholy; a habit common to him with Socrates, Empedocles, and other illustrious men. He had regular features, a serious air, eyes full of mildness, an open forehead without hair, a wide chest, high shoulders, great dignity in his demeanour, gravity in his gait, and modesty in the whole of his appearance.’

This is a vivid and pleasing portrait of a man, nor would all that the author has said respecting the talents and virtues of the philosopher, have excited half the interest without this previous knowledge of his personal appearance. Plato thought that men would never be happy till they were governed by philosophy; and he seems to have entertained the visionary idea of making them submit to her sway. This was the object of his life, and both his speculations at home and his travels abroad were principally directed to this philanthropic end. But his notions were too abstract and too remote from common life to exert any practical influence on the morals or institutions of his country. Before this system could be realized, the Deity must have introduced a new intellectual creation very different from the old.—Plato seems to have possessed what philosophers can seldom attain, that dignified independence of mind which preserves the natural equilibrium of its dignity with all persons and in all situations. In an interview which he had in Sicily with Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse he ‘ maintained that no man could be so abject and wretched as an unjust prince.’ Dionysius exclaimed in a rage, ‘ you speak like a dotard.’ ‘ And you like a tyrant,’ answered Plato. Dionysius could not pardon the reply; he secretly bargained with the captain of the vessel which was to convey him home, either to throw the philosopher into the sea, or to sell him for a slave. ‘ He was sold, ransomed’ and restored to his native country. Dionysius, afterwards, wishing to conciliate the Greeks, apolo-

gized to Plato for his conduct, and entreated his forbearance; but the philosopher calmly replied, 'I have not leisure to remember Dionysius.' Anacharsis now turns his attention to the disciples of Plato. 'Who,' says he, to his friend Apollodorus, who had accompanied him to the academy, 'is that meagre, lank young man, near Plato, who lisps, and whose little eyes are full of fire?' Such was the characteristic exterior of Aristotle, as it has been depicted by Laertius and Plutarch. 'I know no person,' says Apollodorus, 'with so powerful an understanding, or more assiduous in his application. Plato distinguishes him from his other disciples, and finds nothing to censure in him but too much attention to dress.'

'He, whom you see near Aristotle, continued Apollodorus, is Xenocrates of Chalcedon, a heavy genius and destitute of every thing pleasing in his manner. Plato frequently exhorts him to sacrifice to the graces. Of him and Aristotle he says, that one has need of the rein, and the other of the spur. Plato was one day informed that Xenocrates had spoken ill of him. 'I do not believe it,' said he. The person insisted on the truth of what he had affirmed, but he would not be convinced; proofs were offered. 'No,' replied he, 'it is impossible that I should not be beloved by one whom I love so affectionately.' 'What is the name,' said I, 'of that other young man, who appears to be of so delicate a constitution, and who now and then shrugs up his shoulders?' 'Th it is Demosthenes,' said Apollodorus. 'He is of a good family; his father, whom he lost when seven years old, employed a considerable number of slaves in the manufacturing of swords and furniture of different kinds. He has just gained a lawsuit against his guardians, who attempted to defraud him of part of his property, and pleaded his own cause, though he is scarcely seventeen. His companions, jealous no doubt of his success, give him the nickname of serpent, and lavish other disgraceful epithets on him, which he seems to draw upon himself by the harshness that he manifests towards others. Nature has given him a feeble voice, a difficult respiration, and a disagreeable mode of utterance; but she has endowed him with one of those determined minds which are only stimulated by obstacles. His object in frequenting this place, is at once to acquire the principles of philosophy, and to improve himself in eloquence.'

These short extracts will fully justify the opinion which we have given of the work. The reader will not fail to observe how judiciously M. Barthelemy lays hold of some striking circumstance to mark the exterior appearance as well as moral quality of the persons whom he describes. And every fact or incident which he mentions is always derived from the most authentic sources, and supported by authorities which are accurately quoted at the bottom of the page. Indeed there is hardly a sentence which does not contain indications of great

reading and extensive research. To detail all the varieties of truly interesting matter, historical relations, topographical delineations, descriptions of customs, manners, opinions, biographical sketches, with high-finished and well-discriminated portraits of statesmen, generals, philosophers, orators, poets, and artists of every denomination, with which these volumes abound, would far exceed the limits of a review. The work itself presents us with a rich and luminous view of the literature, the philosophy and the arts of Greece, during one of the most interesting periods of its history. And the whole is so disposed as to combine the charm of a romance with all the instruction of a graver work. The young student can hardly peruse any performance in the whole circle of literature, by which he is more likely to be captivated with the love of Grecian lore, and smitten with an enthusiastic desire of becoming acquainted with those masterly productions, from a familiar intercourse with which he will derive that pure, refined and unvitiated taste, which the works of the moderns are less likely to inspire. The style of M. Barthelemy is more chaste than that of most of his contemporaries; but the flow-ers of imagination are sometimes too profusely scattered in his page. His narrative is rapid, perspicuous and animated; his descriptions clear and marked by a judicious selection of particulars; and, as he is himself always passionately occupied with his subject, he communicates his own interest to the reader, who is seldom suffered to experience the sensation of languor or satiety. The translator, Mr. Beaumont of Hoxton, has executed his task with considerable ability; and he may congratulate himself on having naturalized in the English language a work which is likely to be read, while a taste for classical erudition and particularly for the literature of Greece remains.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 23.—*Two Sermons, preached in the Parish Churches of St. Philip and St. Martin, Birmingham, at the Request of the Governors of the Blue Coat Charity School in that Town; on Sunday April 26, 1807. By the Rev. John Eyton, A.M. Vicar of Wellington, Salop. 2s. Hatchard.*

WE have no doubt that the author of these sermons means well

and that he exerted himself to the utmost to promote the interest of the charitable institution, for which he was appointed to preach. But his sermons are a sort of rhapsodical tissue which does not please us. A sermon may captivate in the pulpit, which will at the same time be very unfit for publication. The style of this gentleman is defective in perspicuity and precision; and we would advise him to rest satisfied with the applauses of his audience without exposing himself to the censure of the public.

ART. 24.—*Remarks on the Arguments advanced by Mr. P. Edwards, for the Baptism, Churchmembership and Salvation of Infants, in a Work entitled, 'Candid Reasons for renouncing the Principles of Antipædo Baptism'. In Letters to a Friend, wherein the certain Happiness of all Children who die in Infancy is maintained. By Joseph Dobell. 12mo. Button. 1807.*

WHETHER baptism be practised on infants or adults, by sprinkling or immersion, we hold to be points of so little moment and so totally unconnected with the essentials of christianity, that we shall leave the advocates for the different opinions to wrangle as long as they please at the bar of theological controversy, without taking any part in the dispute.—We heartily wish that contending sects would attend only to those great essentials of religion in which they are all agreed, without regarding those points of minor consideration, about which, as long as we maintain charity and a good conscience, it is of no consequence if we never think alike.

ART. 25.—*The Importance of domestic Discipline, and Youth admonished of the Evils of bad Company. Two Sermons, preached at Newport, Isle of Wight, Dec. 26, 1806, and January 4th, 1807, by Daniel Tyerman. Price 1s. 6d. together, or single 1s. each. 8vo. Baynes. 1807.*

IF no other cause induced us to rank Daniel Tyerman in the class of the methodist preachers, his interjections which occur in every page, would inevitably convict him. On these however we shall be silent. The ludicrous matter here collected is amply indicative of the sect to which he belongs. Parents are exhorted to beware of admitting their daughters into the company of soldiers and sailors, because their leisure hours are employed in devising the readiest modes of destruction. Like their father, the devil, they go about seeking whom they may devour. It is your daughters against whom their garbished 'wickedness is directed.' We are then told that a few years ago, there was but one prostitute in Newport, 'but now there are many houses occupied for this purpose, and the streets are thronged with these deluding creatures.' We hope Mr. Tyerman is able to resist the temptations of these deluding creatures, and to practise that temperance of which he is so staunch an advocate. The society of infidels is thus described: 'Here pride is nursed with care in the garden of sensuality. Here vain glory is raised under the fructifying sun of thoughtless applause. Here hurtful passions are watered with the dews of nightly revels. Here infidelity grows

luxuriant in the cheering atmosphere of sinful mirth: and there the seeds of all are again sown, which take root without obstruction in the heart, where there is no good thing, and speedily spring up in dire diseases, furious tempers, and final death.' The sermon ends like most others of this description, with an anecdote. A young man at Bristol of profligate manners fell sick, and was converted by a dissenting minister. At the expiration of nine months however, growing tired of methodism, he went with his old companions to the public house, where he drank damnation to the methodist parson who visited him in his sickness. He soon after went to sea, a storm overtook him, the ship was wrecked, and the boy dashed to pieces on the coast of Ireland. This trumped up story in all respects resembles Tommy and Harry in the children's spelling book; which by the bye we strenuously recommend to the preachers of this denomination, as they may therein learn the elements of English grammar, of which the greater part of them are totally ignorant. How long will the understandings of the common people be imposed upon by such rhapsodies as these of Mr. Tyerman!

ART. 26.—*Baptism: being an Address to Baptists, Pædo Baptists. By Peter Edwards, Author of Candid Reason. Second Edition. 6d. 12mo. Williams and Smith. 1805.*

MR. Edwards, it appears, has been compared by his enemies to Proteus: he was brought up in the church of England, and afterwards became a baptist, and last of all an independent; and it has been insinuated that he would again become a conformist to the establishment: but he says of himself, 'I could not bring myself to say, I. P. E. assent and consent unfeignedly to all and every thing contained in and prescribed by the book of common prayer, therefore I gave it up.' In the tract before us, Mr. E. has treated the subject without any novelty of argument.

ART. 27.—*Pleasure: its Tendency to deprave the Understanding, the Heart, and the Religious Principle. A Fast Sermon, preached at St. James's Church, Bath, on Wednesday, 25th February, 1807. By the Reverend Richard Warner, Curate of St James's. 8vo. 2s. Cuthell and Martin. 1807.*

THIS is in the old style of all declaimers; *Ætas parentum pejor avis*. We have frequently reviewed the productions of Mr. Warner with considerable satisfaction: of the present, so threadbare is the subject, we shall only say that it does not possess that energy of diction, which in general characterizes his other sermons: and that the price is too exorbitant for 24 pages of invective against theatres, routs, and balls.

ART. 28.—*A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, on Sunday, January 25th, 1807, for the Benefit of the Refuge for the Destitute, Cuper's Bridge, Lambeth. By the Rev. E. W. Whitaker, Rector of St. Mildred, Canterbury. Published by Desire of the Committee. 8vo. 1807.*

AN earnest, and we hope a successful exhortation to charity, in

behalf of those unfortunate wretches, who having been cast into prison on a criminal charge, are after trial, whether convicted or not, turned out upon the world destitute of money, friends, and character.

ART. 29.—*Two Sermons and a Charge. By Luke Heslop, B. D. Rector of Bothal, Northumberland, and Archdeacon of Buckinghamshire. 2s. 6d. 8vo. Longman. 1807.*

MR. Heslop is no niggard of his instructions. He has given us two sermons and a charge for as small a price as is generally paid for one: the first sermon was preached before the judges of assize at Newcastle, in the year 1805, and contains a little of every thing; the second is a visitation sermon, preached at Morpeth in 1806, and means nothing; the charge, which, we are told, was affectionately addressed to the clergy of Buckinghamshire, talks very largely about the increase of Methodism, without pointing out any means of promoting its diminution.

ART. 30.—*A Sermon, preached at the Chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, before the President, Vice-Presidents, and Governors of that Charity, at their Anniversary Meeting, on Thursday, April 23, 1807. By Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, D.D. Lord Bishop of Meath. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THE eloquence of the Bishop of Meath has been long celebrated in this metropolis. It is of such a nature as to appeal at once to the sensibility and to the reason of his congregation. The perusal of this discourse has afforded us more pleasure than did the delivery of it, which we attended, because it has proved to us that the oratory of the Rev. Bishop is composed of more solid materials than that of many of the popular preachers, as they are called, of this metropolis, who gratify the ears of their auditors with a flimsy sort of rhetoric, which will not bear the test of critical perusal.

NOVELS.

ART. 31.—*The Wedding Day. A Novel, by Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Author of the Nobility of the Heart. In three Vols. 12mo. 12s. Longman. 1807.*

THE volumes before us have amply justified the opinion we entertained of the abilities of this lady in our observations on the 'Nobility of the Heart.' The Wedding-day will rank Miss Spence among the first writers of this description of the present times. The story is simple, but interesting, the characters not overstrained and caricatured, but such as may be seen in the world every day and every hour. The character of Arthur is very naturally drawn, but we wish that we had more of his company; he appears only to make us regret his absence. The Duchess of Pemberton is a well wrought picture; in short, all the characters are well supported to the conclusion. What we admire chiefly in this performance is the

dialogue, which is managed with uncommon dexterity ; resembling in some degree the conversations in Richardson's works. The morality of the piece is what might be expected from the niece of Dr. Fordyce : for such we understand Miss Spence to be.

ART. 32.—*Helen, or Domestic Occurrences. A Tale, in two Volumes.* 10s. 6d. W. Bent.

THE father of Helen is represented as a man of great fortune, which he makes every possible exertion to get rid of in the vortex of dissipation, and succeeds in reducing himself to his last hundred pounds by his fondness for play and attachment to an Italian lady, who is connected with a set of sharpers. He quits his country, his wife and child for France, where a fit of illness brings him back to a sense of shame for his past conduct; and he lives long enough to receive the attentions and forgiveness of his amiable wife and daughter, who are left at his death with a scanty but comfortable income. Helen is engaged to be married with the approbation of her friends to a Mr. Walbrooke, who is supposed to be the son of a rich gentleman, who by an act of bankruptcy in which he was involved by a too generous confidence in others was left without the means of subsistence, and young Walbrooke of course became destitute of fortune. His supposed father soon quits this earthly stage, and Walbrooke goes to Jamaica with a packet with which he is entrusted by the dying man, with all possible expedition. The contents of this packet proved him to be the son of a Mr. Macdonald, who had been some time dead ; and he is left to seek for his mother in the best manner he is able. During all this, Helen is imposed upon by a false account of her lover's death, fabricated by a female who feels herself slighted by Walbrooke's preferring Helen without fortune to herself with twenty thousand pounds. This lady's ingenuity also contrives to acquaint Mr. Walbrooke in the supposed hand of Helen that he is not to think of her any longer in any other light than a common acquaintance. This lady (Miss Logan) soon marries an Irish gambler, who squanders away her money in a few months. She breaks a blood vessel, and on her death-bed communicates the part which she has acted to Helen's correspondent and female friend. This piece of intelligence set all the respective friends to work to undeceive Walbrooke or rather Macdonald, who returns to England about the time that Helen and her widowed mother arrived from France. After a few clumsy difficulties have been thrown in the way, Mr. Macdonald finds his mother and his Helen. An uncle of his also appears, who renders their situation comfortable by settling part of his property on them, with which the tale concludes. This novel is written in a series of letters from one miss to another, interspersed with others from an Edward Thornton to a Sir George Pembroke, all equally frivolous and uninteresting.

POLITICS.

ART. 33.—*Proceedings at a general Meeting of the Catholics, held at the Exhibition Room, William Street, on Saturday, April 18th, 1807.* 2s. Harding. 1807.

THIS pamphlet contains the account of a very animated and interesting debate which took place at the above meeting. Mr. Keogh, who opened the debate, moved that the petition which had been adopted at a former meeting, should remain in the care of Lord Fingal, subject to the future disposal of the Catholic body. Counsellors Hussey and O'Gorman thought that the petition ought to be presented; and that the question ought not to be suffered to rest. The motion of Mr. Keogh was carried by a large majority.

Were we to give our own opinions on the subject we should say that as the emancipation of the Catholics will not take place till it is powerfully and generally seconded by the public opinion of the empire, the measure itself cannot be too often discussed both in and out of parliament. Every discussion will tend to remove some of the prejudices against it; to diminish the number of its enemies; and to augment that of its friends. When the measure itself is supported by the force of public opinion, when the people in general are convinced, as must ere long be the case, that the safety of the empire depends on the restoration of the Catholics to all the rights and privileges of British citizens, even the prejudices of the monarch himself must give way to the voice of his people. His present majesty, as the events of his reign so amply testify, is a patriot king; and a patriot-king will always make it even a matter of conscience to sacrifice his own private opinions to the deliberate wisdom of his parliament and the unanimous wishes of his people. The empire is at present standing on the very brink of perdition, and nothing can long avert its fall, but the complete and unqualified emancipation of the Catholics, the repeal of the unnatural, unreasonable and unscriptural tests against every sect of dissenters, and the restoration of the late ministry to those places of power, from which they ought never to have been dismissed; and from which it is not probable that they would have been dismissed, if they had been less disinterested, less upright, and less wise. We are sorry to find that there are situations even in this enlightened country in which imbecility, vice and folly are the best passports to regard. But when we look at the present pensioned-list of men who are appointed to direct the helm of the state in this stormy period, we are apt to think that we see, what we had never before observed, the abstract qualities of selfishness, fatuity and ignorance personified.

ART. 34.—*Two Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country.* 2d edition. By Peter Plymley. 1s. 6d. Budd. 1807.

OUR brows have lately been so contracted by the dry discussion of the Catholic question, that we feel ourselves much obliged to our friend Peter for causing our features to soften into a smile

Peter's brother, Abraham, appears to be a popish alarmist, and this letter is intended to quiet his fears, and, if possible, to bring him to his right senses. Abraham had somehow or other heard that the pope was landed, and that a cargo of wooden saints had been seized at Charing cross. But Peter informs him that the pope had not landed, and that no curates had been sent out after him; and that with respect to the box of saints, &c. that turned out to be nothing but a wooden figure of Lord Mulgrave in military uniform, to be used as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel. Abraham appears to have a mortal dislike to the admission of Catholics into the army, because they put a different construction from what he does on the 2d of Timothy. But Peter tells him that when we have to defend ourselves by the bayonet, we are not to consider whether it be Catholic, Presbyterian, or Lutheran, but whether it be sharp or well-tempered. Peter tells Abraham plainly that the conscience of the king ought to be governed by the wisdom of the parliament; and that if the parliament approved the measure of emancipation, the king ought to sacrifice his private feelings of repugnance to the public good of his people; particularly when it is more than 700 to one that the opinion of the parliament was better than his own. As far as the private opinion of the king goes, it can be regarded only as the opinion of an individual; but the opinion of the parliament is the concentrated wisdom of the nation. Peter supposes that the Catholic bill would certainly have passed, if it had opened the door to trick, jobbing and intrigues. Peter seems to think as highly of the tolerance of orthodoxy, as we do ourselves; for he tells us that 'no eel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed, as an orthodox parson when he is compelled by the gripe of reason, to admit any thing in favour of a dissenter.' Peter tells his brother that he refuses freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that his wife refuses to give a receipt for a ham or a gooseberry-dumpling, not because the flavour of her own cookery will be spoiled by the communication, but because she likes to have what her neighbours cannot obtain.

In enumerating Mr. Perceval's qualifications for prime-minister, Abraham seems to have panegyricized him for being 'just to his butcher, faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the master Percevals.' But Peter seems to think that these are qualifications which may be the basis of eulogy in a private life, but that in such a situation as that in which Mr. Perceval is placed, we look for more rare and elevated excellence. A cobbler or a dustman may pay his debts, cleave to his wife, and fondle his babes; but is he therefore a proper man for chancellor of the Exchequer? We are glad to hear that Mr. Perceval possesses the private virtues; but we shall never think him equal to his station, till in addition to these, he proves himself to be a great statesman by the grandeur of his conceptions, the comprehensiveness of his views, and his disinterested zeal in the cause of freedom and humanity.

ART. 35.—*A Letter from an Irish Dignitary to an English Clergyman, on the Subject of Tithes in Ireland.* 8vo. Hatchard: 1807.

This venerable dignitary appears to have his sides well larded with the fat of orthodoxy;—that is, a good Irish benefice and perhaps a snug deanery into the bargain. We cannot be surprised therefore that he should be such a sturdy stickler for a right which causes his muscles to appear so rotund and his skin so sleek. A man's orthodoxy depends a good deal on his having a proper quantity of flesh upon his bones; which flesh, when it arises from the assimilation of tythe-beef, mutton, pork, poultry, with a suitable mixture of farinaceous aliment, which is also included in the luxury of tythes, is sure to generate a disposition to swallow the Athanasian creed, and all other creeds, which the legislature in its wisdom may impose. We shall not enter into any serious argument with this reverend divine on the subject in question, as we reserve ourselves for a more convenient opportunity, and we trust that he will reward our present forbearance with the donation of the finest pig in his orthodox sty.

ART. 36.—*An important and infallible Secret, discovered and developed in the Laws of Human Nature, to render the Valour of British Soldiers and the Freedom of British Citizens invincible.* Egerton. 8vo. 2s. 1807.

THE sentences of this writer are so stuffed with the incongruities of metaphor, that it is often very difficult to divine his meaning, and get at the grand secret which he professes to disclose. As far as we can see our way through the labyrinth of his tropes and figures, his meaning appears to be that the sympathetic principle is more operative among British soldiers and British citizens than among any other people in the world; and that, in the knowledge and culture of this principle the mystery which is to make us invincible resides. An army acting in unison, pervaded by one spirit and animated by one soul, must certainly be more efficient than any army twice as numerous, which is divided in sentiment and interest, and in which one common feeling of duty and attachment forms a sort of moral cement between the insulated parts. But this secret appears to have been known long before the author thought proper to reveal it; and his pompous announcement of such a well known truth arrayed in all the trippery of rhetoric, induces us to request him, before he favours the world with the communication of another secret equally important and infallible, to be at a little more pains to tell us something that we did not know before. When we first read the title of this pamphlet we pricked up our ears, and were all attention, expecting every moment some luminous exposure to flash upon our minds, particularly when we found the author in the first page exclaiming in the throes of mental parturition, 'Having made it the constant practice of my intellectual speculation to penetrate through the mist of forms into things themselves, I have made a most important discovery,' &c. &c. But we soon found that this most important discovery no more than a *mare's nest*, which lay by the beaten path of vulgar observation.

ART. 37.—*Concessions to America the Bane of Britain; or the Cause of the present distressed Situation of the British Colonial and Shipping Interests explained, and the proper Remedy suggested.* 8vo. 2s. Richardson. 1807.

WE learn from this writer that the West India planters are very much dissatisfied with the present prices of sugar; that the market is at this moment overstocked with the commodity; and that they are very anxious that government should adopt such regulations and restrictions as may favour their command of the foreign and secure that of the home market. It is very natural that men should attend to their personal interest and advantage; but we trust that government will not forego a greater good to obtain a less; nor neglect the general good to promote that of particular individuals.—No article can long remain at a price less than that for which it can be sold; for the quantity will soon be reduced, till the price rises to a level with the value of the article. The merchants complain that the British market is allowed to be supplied with sugars from the colonies which have been taken from the enemy; but while those colonies are subject to the British government, we see no reason why the British people should not profit by the possession. The planters complain that the colonies which remain in the hands of the enemy are allowed to export their produce in neutral bottoms without any molestation; and the author informs us that sugars from those colonies are conveyed to the European market, at the rate of 8s. 11s. or 12s. 6d. cheaper in point of freight and insurance, than they can be conveyed from the British colonies. But is not our inferiority in the competition for the European market assigned to the wrong cause, and would it not remain if the permission to neutrals were withdrawn? Besides, as we are Christians, we are always happy to see the horrors of war mitigated and its pressure on innocent individuals alleviated by a policy, which we contend must be agreeable to the dictates of wisdom, if it be favourable to the interests of humanity. A narrow and selfish conduct even towards an enemy is what we never can approve. The writer tells us that the British colonies in the West Indies are subject to many distressing impediments and restrictions in their intercourse with the American states; that they are prohibited from purchasing many articles of the first necessity, and are not allowed to pay for what they may purchase in any produce but rum and molasses. These restrictions appear to be highly injurious to the islands without any adequate benefit to the mother-country. Commerce always flourishes best where it is subject to the fewest restrictions; and it appears to us that free and unrestrained exertion is as necessary to the vitality of commerce as liberty of conscience is to that of religion.

POETRY.

ART. 38.—*An Imitation of Gray's Elegy, written by a Sailor.* 12mo. 6d. Cooke. 1806.

IN addition to the imitation, above announced, this poetic tar

treats us with an ode to Alexander, emperor of Russia, and another on the king of England's birth day. We suppose that when the place of poet laureat is next vacant, the author means to be a candidate for those bays which now flourish on the brow of Pye. As a proof how well he merits the situation, we shall subjoin the first stanza of his birth day ode; and solemnly invoke the attention of the reader to the extraordinary piece of information which is contained in the first line, to the impassioned sublimity of the seventh and eighth, and to the terrific 'Io Pæan,' which the chorus vociferates against the enemies of this 'island in the sea.'

'There is an island in the sea,
The seat of love and liberty,
Where sons of Neptune night and day,
Like wakeful Argus, watch,
Lest Gallia, led by anarchy,
Let slip her dogs of war, and cry
Tantivy ho, to Britain fly,
Her roes and does to catch.

Chorus.—But British tars, train'd up in wars,
Direct a mighty navy,
Which make proud Monsieurs cry morbleu,
And Dons to cry Peccavi.'

ART. 39.—*Donaparte. A Poem. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THIS is the saddest stuff we have for a long time witnessed. It resembles the last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage and education of one of the poor wretches who have lost their lives by the Newgate drop, which may be purchased for a penny half an hour after their execution. From the manner in which our brother reviewers have given their opinion of this performance, we fancy we hear some friend of the author exclaim in his own words 'after the perusal of this our notice,'

'Oh! what a sad, sad, sad review
Each one a piercing dart to you,
Each one brings anguish ever new,
And dread affright,
Poison and poniard, terrors due,
Rush on your sight.'

ART. 40.—*Trafalgaris Pugna; the Battle of Trafalgar, a Latin Poem, with a literal Translation in English Prose; by Juvenis. 4to. Wolstenholme, Minstergate, York. 1807.*

THIS Poem, we are told, was submitted to the perusal of several gentlemen of the first literary fame in both universities, and their unanimous approbation has induced the author to publish a few copies of this juvenile essay.

Unless these gentlemen of literary fame intended a quiz upon Juvenis, we think the reputation of the universities will suffer considerably in the opinion of every reader of 'the Battle of Trafalgar.'

But it would be an insult to suppose that any serious approbation was given; and the literal translation subjoined confirms this our opinion. The utility of the translation however will not be doubted, as the Latin is unintelligible. This might probably induce the above-mentioned gentlemen to be so unanimous in their applause, since omne ignotum pro magnifico est.

ART. 41.—*An Olio*. 4to. Meyler. Bath. 1807.

THIS poem in honour of Cloacina, is decorated with a most ridiculous frontispiece, pretended to be discovered on the walls of the grottoes of Thebes in Upper Egypt. As it would be impossible for us to describe this drawing without putting modesty to the blush, we shall content ourselves with giving the inscription, which is said to have been in Greek characters, and thus translated:

‘ Approach with awe this kind concealing shade
To dire necessity a temple made:
And whilst with modest care you pluck the rose,
Be silent, circumspect, and veil the nose.’

Criticism on such a subject would be a waste of time.

ART. 42.—*Specimens of an English Homer, in Blank Verse*.
8vo. pp. 30. Payne. 1805.

IN every undertaking of ambition, it is usual for men to propose to themselves a certain perfection, and to fix on some rival candidate for similar honours, whom it will be sufficient for their glory to surpass. Achilles was the model of Alexander, and Dr. Williams,* archdeacon of Merioneth, has stimulated the present anonymous author to attempt a translation of Homer in blank verse. Let him be contented with the praise of having excelled his prototype; but let him rejoice in the caution which has prompted him to conceal the secret of his name, and relinquish all hopes of becoming a competent translator of the prince of poets. This gentleman seems to found his principal claim to success on having preserved the *Homeric manner*, of which, as is observed by Blair, they can have no conception, who are acquainted with him in Pope’s translation only. By the same writer *fire* and *simplicity* are defined, (and our author accepts his definition) to be the two characters of the Homeric poetry, and these invaluable attributes we are invited to trace in the pages before us. Of simplicity there is indeed a liberal store. We do not mean of the genuine, majestic, and dignified simplicity of the original Greek, but of the affected, creeping, bald insipidity of the prosaic Cowper. Every one will allow that ‘well-greaved Greeks,’ ‘well-zoned nurse,’ ‘well-walled town,’ ‘Pallas Minerva,’ ‘Phœbus Apollo,’ who is elsewhere called the ‘Far-darter,’ are faithful versions of the words of Homer. The same may be said of ‘the son of Atreus, Agamemnon,’ which constitutes nine-tenths of an English heroic line. But it requires little taste to see that the happy and

* See Crit. Rev. December, 1806. Vol. I. p. 358, where our notions of all the English versions of Homer were given at some length, and also of such a translation as seems still to be a desideratum.

comprehensive flexibility of the Greek, defies a literal translation into the wordy diffuseness of our stubborn language.

We do not recollect that the '*Homeric manner*' requires the violation of grammar in the substitution of the substantive for the adjective, or participle, as the '*swift-foot dogs*,' '*swift-foot Achilles*,' &c. nor yet that the reader should be compelled to lay the principal emphasis of a line on insignificant words, as, '*not so*,' '*nor*,' '*thus*,' &c. &c.; and if the translator can count with his fingers, he will find that some of his verses have a syllable too much.

Minerva is designated by the general term of '*bright-eyed goddess*,' which is to be wondered at in a translator, whose only possible merit consists in being literal. Brilliancy is by no means the characteristic of the eyes ascribed by Homer to that deity, though it may without impropriety be applied, as is also done by our accommodating author, to those of Briseis.

So much for the simplicity of Homer. We leave the reader to judge what portion of his fire this writer has transfused, from the following specimen, which is one of the best in the book.

'He spake. The trembling sire obey'd, nor aught
Replied, as by the loud-resounding sea
Onward he mov'd; but, somewhat thence withdrawn,
With many a votive prayer he thus invoc'd
Apollo, whom fair-hair'd Latona bore:
—"God of the silver bow, O hear me! Thou
That Chrysa guard'st, and Cylia's favor'd soil!
Thou that in Tenedos rul'st! Sminthean, hear!
If e'er thy honor'd temple I have deck'd
With blooming wreaths, and on thy altars burn'd
The fat of bulls or goats, O hear my prayer!
From thy avenging arrows may the Greeks
Suffer, for all these tears they wring from me!"

Thus spake he supplicating. To his prayer
Phœbus Apollo bent a favouring ear;
Then from Olympus' heights, breathing revenge,
Descended; from his shoulders hung his bow,
And well-compacted quiver; as he urg'd
Furious his course, the arrows at his back
Clank'd with his every motion. Lowring dark
As night he came, and from the ships aloof
His station took; then as a shaft he shot,
Dire was the twanging of his silver bow.
The mules and swift-foot dogs he first assail'd,
Then, 'gainst the host launching his fatal darts,
Smote them. Incessant blaz'd the funeral fires,
Frequent around, as nine days thro' the camp
His vengeful arrows sped; on the tenth morn
The general populace Achilles call'd
To council, by the white-arm'd goddess mov'd,
Juno, who deeply mourn'd when she beheld
Her fav'rite Grecians dying on every side.—

MEDICINE.

ART. 43.—*Observations on the Preparation, Utility and Administration of the Digitalis Purpurea, or Foxglove, in Dropsy of the Chest, Consumption, Hemorrhage, Scarlet Fever, Measles, &c. including a Sketch of the medical History of this Plant, and an Account of the Opinions of those Authors who have written upon it during the last thirty Years. By William Hamilton, M. D. Physician, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Illustrated by Cases. 8vo. 6s. Longman. 1807.*

AS the digitalis possesses such active properties it is to be wished that its administration should be confined to those practitioners, who have formed themselves for practice by habits of reading, and that those, who act simply by routine and imitation, should entirely abstain from its use. How much is the good to be done by it is greatly disputed, but no one doubts that it is capable of effecting in injudicious hands a great deal of mischief. Little has been added, notwithstanding all that has been said about it of late years, to the judicious precautions laid down by Dr. Withering, in the treatise which so greatly introduced it to public notice. But as Dr. Withering's dissertation is out of print, we think the profession is under obligations to Dr. Hamilton for having made this plant the subject of a particular work. The medical reader will here find condensed within a reasonable compass every thing, or nearly every thing that has been written on this medicine, since it has occupied a place in modern practice. Though his praises of its virtues are, in our opinion, ample enough, he has avoided the extravagances into which some noted writers have fallen; as Reddocks and some others of the same stamp, who on the strength of a few imperfect trials, trumpeted it over the whole kingdom as a specific in consumptions, Hydrothorax is the disease in which Dr. Hamilton most recommends it; and over which it has certainly some beneficial influence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 44.—*The Beauties of the Edinburgh Review, alias The STINK-POT of Literature. By John King, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London; and of the Medical Societies of London and Paris. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Symonds. 1807.*

THE *haut-gout* of the above title so powerfully affected our noses, that we instantly laid down the book in order to get rid of the smell.

ART. 45.—*The Apprentice's Guide: being a clear and comprehensive Statement of the Duties of Apprentices towards their Masters; together with occasional Advice to both Parties, and to Youths in general. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Champeau and Whitrow. 1807.*

IN the present prolific age of literature, we wonder that neither patriotism nor interest should have sooner suggested the utility of a work like the present. It is with great pleasure that we recommend to the public attention, a work, not indeed laying a claim to literary

distinction, but calculated in an eminent degree to promote the interests of society. In a trading country like ours, the early discipline of apprentices, who are afterwards to constitute so large, so useful, and so respectable a part of the community, is of obvious and incalculable importance. It would not be easy to conceive a work more likely to effect that desirable end than the one before us. It is written in plain, unambitious, but correct, language, which, while it cannot be misconceived by youths of the lowest order, will not offend or mislead the taste of those who are destined to the higher and more enlightened walks of commerce. It contains a compendious but comprehensive statement of the various and relative duties of apprentices and masters. Nothing of importance seems to us to have been omitted, at the same time that its judicious conciseness, will prevent its fatiguing the patience, or perplexing the memory of the juvenile reader. A parent, on binding his son to an apprenticeship, cannot present him with a more truly valuable offering; and every master will find his account in insisting on its being perused with attention, carefully preserved, and frequently referred to. The rapid and extensive sale which we have heard that it has already experienced, is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held by those whom it concerns; and we have been informed that many of the principal attorneys of the metropolis have adopted the plan of putting into the hands of youths, at the time of signing their indenture, a pamphlet which they may constantly consult for a knowledge of their duty, instead of delivering the dull and customary lecture, which is heard with indifference, imperfectly understood, and speedily forgotten.

ART. 46.—*The British Farmers Cyclopædia, or complete Agricultural Dictionary, including every Science or Subject dependant on, or connected with improved modern Husbandry: with the breeding, feeding, and management of Live Stock, the modern Art of Farriery, Cure of the Diseases of Dogs, the management of Bees, the culture of Fruit and Forest Trees, of Cyder, of malt Liquors and made Wines. Embellished with forty-two Engravings. By Thomas Potts. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. in boards. Scatcherd. 1807.*

THE utility of the present work will be questioned by none, its execution by few. To us, who have made agricultural pursuits our study and our amusement, it appears an excellent compendium of all the works, which have been published on this subject. To the wealthy farmer, the expense of forty or fifty pounds in the purchase of a few necessary books may not be an object, but to others, whose means are more limited, though their desire for information may be equal, such a sum presents an insurmountable obstacle. The present work however obviates this difficulty, and though at first view three guineas and a half appear a considerable sum for one volume, yet it must be recollected, that the engravings, which are coloured, are very numerous and well executed, the paper is of the very best kind, and the type uncommonly clear; these things considered, expense is comparatively small. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending it to the library of every farmer, who is desirous of distinguishing himself in his profession.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE numerous testimonies of unsolicited approbation, respecting the impartial conduct of our Review, which we have lately received from all parts of the country, have determined us to make new and more vigorous exertions to merit the favour which we have obtained. We have accordingly made such arrangements, as will better enable our critical industry to keep pace with the rapid motions of the press. We are far from wishing to draw any invidious comparisons between ourselves and our competitors; but we believe that even at present, no other Review is superior to our own in an interesting variety of matter, or in the early notice of new publications.

Our political and our religious principles are, we trust, such as will secure us the steady support of the good and wise, of every sect and party in the United Empire. In politics we maintain the pure principles of the British constitution; and in religion, the unsophisticated doctrine of the New Testament. We are the friends of all who are the friends of truth, of their country, and mankind. No bad book has ever been commended by us, because it was written by our friends; nor any good book been reviled, because it was the production of our enemies. We will continue to distribute impartial justice both to friends and foes; and not only an elaborate criticism, but a pure morality shall preside in our decisions. Such is the plan which we will prosecute with unabating perseverance; and according to the degree of the execution, will be our share of the public approbation.

In future we shall enumerate at the end of each number, the principal articles which will be reviewed in the next; and to the Appendix, we shall subjoin a summary of politics, principally domestic, for the last four months, and a compendious history of literature and science during the same period.

A list of articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the Critical Review.

Young's Natural Philosophy.
Wheatley on the Principles of Commerce.
Spence's Britain Independent of Commerce.
Bardsley's Medical Reports.
Butler's Revolutions in the Empire of Charlemagne.
Janson's Stranger in America.

Lord Byron's Hours of Idleness.
Burnett's Present State of Poland.
Hammer's Hieroglyphics.
Semple's Tour through Spain and Italy to Constantinople.
Ritchie's Life of Bunne.
Hall's Travels in Scotland.
Florian Jolly's Elementary Course of Sciences.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. E. must be in an error. His work was never sent to us.

Erratum.—In the note to p. 279 of the last number, for vol. 10. read vol. 4. p. 337.

N. B. The Appendix to the present volume of Critical Review, will be published on the first of next month.